

M I S C E L L A N Y
O F
P O E M S,

BY THE REVEREND
JOSEPH WISE,
RECTOR OF PENHURST, SUSSEX.

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MDCCLXXV.

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OF

P. O. E. M. S.

By THE REVEREND

JOSEPH WISE.

RECTOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.



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Page	line	
10	15	for <i>repeating</i> r. <i>repenting</i> .
27	17	<i>yet</i> , r. <i>get</i> .
33	8	<i>Enipcus</i> , r. <i>Enipeus</i> .
44	16	<i>emyloy</i> , r. <i>employ</i> .
49	24	<i>seated</i> , r. <i>sealed</i> .
55	5	r. <i>with a senseless joy</i> .

E R R A T A.

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27	17 2nd 7. 2nd.
33	8 Enigma, 7. Enigma.
44	10 empty, 7. empty.
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M I S C E L L A N Y

O F P O E M S.

The I N T R O D U C T I O N.

SEE the GODDESS MUSE descend !
All ye minstrelsy of song,
At her gentle side attend ;
Hailow'd virgins come along !

Sober *Silence*, solemn guest !
Solitude, thou pensive maid !
Calm *Content*, forever blest !
Tend her thro' the sylvan shade.

Fancy gay, her train adorn
In the airy walks of flow'rs !
Smile, soft pearly-eyed *Morn* !
Music, warble in her bowr's !

B *Piety*,

Piety, with flaming wing;
Hope, with aspect ever fair,
 Your celestial nectar bring,
 Surest anodyne of care.

Happy *raptures*, ever warm;
 Generous *ardors*, ever glow;
 Life without you knows no charm;
 Nature is a waste of woe.

Pleasure drop the harlot smile;
 Modest in her train appear:
Folly hence; and odious *Guile*,
 Tremble at Ithuriel's spear*.

Welcome in thy native white,
 Young-ey'd *Innocence*; with thee,
 Blythe in robes of silver light,
 Mildly sweet *Simplicity*.

Circled thus, ye FAIR! behold
Majesty poetic tread,
 Blazing in a cloud of gold,
 Starry-crown'd her beauteous head.

Twine your chaplets, strew your roses;
 Rev'rence your auspicious guest!

While

* See MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, Book IV. line 810.

While she studiously composes,
Pleasures for each gentle breast.

O D E XIII.

BOOK I. OF HORACE.

Resembling the celebrated Ode of SAPPHO.

O Liddy, while you praise the charms,
The rosy neck, the waxen arms
Of gentle *Teleph*—woe my heart!
It swells and burns with bitter smart.
My reason lost, my color gone,
A starting tear distilling down,
Are symptoms sad of fierce desire,
The raging glow of jealous fire.
Your lily bosom, softly fine,
Has he besotly stain'd with wine,
Your ruby lip has he impress'd,
What madding anguish stings my breast!

But O my kind suggestion hear!
He will not, cannot, be sincere;
You'll quickly lose a fop, like this,
Who rudely spoils the balmy kiss,
Which Venus, wantonly profuse,
Dip'd thrice in rich nectareous dew.

Superlatively

P O E M S.

Superlatively blest, and more,
Are they whose raptures know no shore;
Whose passion sanctify'd from strife,
Will only terminate with life.

The CELEBRATED ODE of SAPPHO.

SOME youthful God in blooming pride
Seems he to me, as by your side
He sits, and ay to you, by whiles,
So fondly whispers, sweetly smiles.

That moment, *Sappho*, sick'ning, felt
Her heart within her bosom melt.

Ah, when I look'd on thee, too blest,
A rising sob my voice suppress'd;
My tongue relax'd; a sudden glow
Thro' all my nerves did, trembling, flow:
My eyes grew dim, my ears did knell,
My blood did thrill; I turn'd more pale
Than blighted ozier; faint I lay;
My very life dissolv'd away.

Yet shall not hope forsake my breast,
Tho' poorly slighted and depress'd.

SAPPHO'S

SAPPHO'S HYMN to VENUS.

O Mighty *Venus*! Queen divine!
 Intriguing princess of the skies!
 Regard a Votary of thine,
 Oppress'd with sorrow, faint with sighs.

Hear, I adjure by Love's dread pow'r!
 My wonted voice, you oft did hear,
 When, leaving Jove's imperial tow'r,
 You deign'd to banish all my fear.

Your pretty sparrows quiv'ring flew
 Along the still pellucid air,
 As you in lovely pomp they drew,
 All-smiling in your pearly chair.

Soon did you light; your birds return;
 Divinely courteous, then you said,
 "Why does my darling *Sappho* mourn?
 "Why calls my charmer for my aid?

"Say whence this tender phrenzy rose?
 "Ah, whom shall soft persuasion move?
 "Or whom Love's filken net inclose?
 "What cruel youth flights *Sappho's* love?
 "Tho'

" Tho' now he shuns, he shall pursue ;
 " Tho' presents scorns, shall presents give ;
 " Tho' he disdains, he soon shall bow,
 " And humbly your commands receive."

Once more, O goddess ! quell my grief ;
 Appease the torments of despair :
 Vouchsafe my soul divine relief,
 Thou potent queen of am'rous war !

O D E XLVI.

Of ANACREON.

WITHOUT love 'tis pain to live ;
 Love itself much pain doth give :
 O, but greatest is the pain,
 Still to love and never gain.

Beauty flights the noble born ;
 Spurns the wise and good with scorn ;
 Gold, the dear unrival'd prize,
 Charms alone all charming eyes.

Perish wretch ! whose bosom vile,
 First admir'd the shining soil.

Brothers

Brothers thence no brother know;
 Parents thence no parents grow:
 Murders, wars, distrust, disguise,
 Hateful passions thence arise:
 Worst of all, vile gold destroys
 Noble love, with all its joys.

O D E III.

B O O K I. Of HORACE,

(*Intreating a prosperous Voyage for his Friend Virgil*) imitated.

NOW, to guide the floating keel,
 Brightest Constellations, glow!
 Boisterous Boreas, peace, be still!
 All propitious Breezes blow!

Swiftly waft the vessel o'er,
 O'er the rough and rapid wave;
 Safely waft her keel ashore:
 Half my soul defend and save!

Adamant and brags did fold
 Thrice his daring bosom round,
 Who, in slender vessel, bold,
 Ventur'd first the wild profound.

P O E M S.

Dreaded He the furious blast,
When the south and north engage,
When black tempests overcast,
And tremendous thunders rage?

Fear'd he death in all its forms,
Who, unmov'd, sea-monsters saw,
Tumbling billows, howling storms,
And the pointed rocks below?

God in vain with seas divides
Rival realms, unfriendly shores,
While on the forbidden tides
Speed our impious sails and oars.

Bold and enterprizing man
Rushes on to ev'ry ill:
Father *Adam*, in the van,
Stole the fruit, ordain'd to kill.

Since he dar'd that deed of shame,
Violating love and fear,
Swarms of strange diseases came,
Seiz'd on earth, and settled here.

Far behind, at first, and slow
Death pursu'd the human race;

Now

Now no more he loiters so;
Vengeance bids him mend his pace.

Grandeur, graciously deny'd,
Babel-architects explor'd;
Some, with more amazing pride,
Sought to be as Gods ador'd.

Nothing's human views above;
Folly tempts the very sky.
Sin will never suffer Jove
To lay his glowing thunders by.

O D E IV.

B O O K I. Of HORACE, imitated.

NOW vernal sun-shine, milder breezes
Dissipate the winter's cold:
A cloister'd life no longer pleases,
Since the rural scenes unfold.

Gay Love leads forth, with song and dancing,
All the tenants of the plain;
And Beauty, virgin-like advancing,
Cheers and charms the soul of man.

Love, praise and thankful adoration
To the glorious God are due,
Who made, sustains, adorns creation,
Painting Nature's scenes anew.

Grim Death with equal pace approaches
Cots of clowns and courts of kings:
The brevity of life reproaches
Hopes prolong'd in transient things.

What mortal knows, O friend beloved!
Who Death's victim next shall fall?
Most happy he, if well approved
By the Lord and Judge of all.

Be wise, the worst of ills preventing;
Now the path of life explore!
When trial's past is no repeating;
Grace withdraws, and hope's no more.

The M O R N I N G.

NOW smiles the morning; fresh the verdure
seems,

Bepearl'd with dew: The shining silver streams
Glide most delightful: all the feather'd choir
To swell the voice of general joy conspire;
The Sun, grand fountain of ethereal rays,
From the horizon pours a golden blaze.

Far the wide ocean of his fulgence shews
The pow'r and goodness of the Sovereign Cause;
And at the view, lo, general Nature, gay,
Rises to hail the Lord of new-born day.

While the creation labors thus to raise
(And all too weak !) the high Creator's praise.
Shall man be silent, lordly man, so blest
With dignity and favor o'er the rest ?
Will favor'd man no gratitude repay
For love, which lights the glorious orb of day ?
For love, which pours the treasures of the soil,
The sweets of ease, and the rewards of toil ?
For love, which bow'd th' eternal heav'ns, and join'd
The Lord of glory with the humankind ?
Consider this, ye sons of dust ! and raise
Your loftiest anthems to your Maker's praise.

Behold how Nature gradually descends !
On just connexion, like a chain, suspends :
The moral kinds in blissful order move,
Rul'd and connected by the pow'r of love :
Combin'd by love, that universal law,
Bond of perfection, fountain pure, whence flow
The social harmonies, the virtues bright,
Religion holy—all the train of light.
Will man this sacred principle destroy,
In him the taste, in God the spring of joy ?

Will

Will man, forsaking Nature's reason's rule,
Expose the reas'ner a delib'rate fool?
Consider this, ye sons of dust! and raise
Your holiest raptures to your Maker's praise.

At first, the wise, just, good, eternal Mind
His noble works from evil free design'd:
Order and peace once reign'd throughout the whole
Soundness of body, happiness of soul:
(Thus reason's voice—It must be understood;
Else how is God or wise, or just, or good?)
Immortal life had joys immortal known,
Bliss and perfection, love and duty one;
Had man not sinn'd, by Satan's guile betray'd,
And suffer'd justly for the choice, he made.
To prove how heinous sin, the curse descends;
And but thro' trial and redemption ends.
Consider this, ye sons of dust! and know
How good, how sacred, is the perfect law,

Now feeble enmity, sustain'd by pride,
And glimmering reason, man's bewilder'd guide,
Self-guarding and self-guiding, but expose
The wretched being to endless crimes and woes;
Until the holy *Spirit*, wing'd with light,
O'er-shadow man with sanctifying might;
His health restore, from second chaos born;
And all his soul with righteousness adorn.

To gain this boon was *Christ* content to die,
 At once to reconcile and sanctify.
 Consider this, ye sons of dust! and pray
 For that best gift, a sanctifying ray.

Nor think, that Grace resistless aid imparts,
 To guide men's judgments, or to mend their hearts :
 But like the Sun, which vital radiance sheds
 O'er humble vales and lofty mountain-heads,
 It shines on all sufficient,—oft in vain !
 Unless you till the soil, expect no grain :
 The talents giv'n with diligence improve ;
 Or hope no new accessions from above.
 Or strong, or weak, or bright, or dull thy mind,
 To serve the Maker was the work design'd :
 To his high glory bend thy strength and skill ;
 So grace shall wing thy thought, and nerve thy will.
 Consider this, ye sons of dust, and rise
 With ev'ry faculty to meet the skies.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

DUST to dust !—O solemn sound !
 This florid, active, curious frame
 Shortly must lose life, form and name ;
 And be no more than common ground.

With

With titles honor'd, and in badges dress'd,
In council wise, in fields of slaughter brave,
The Great, our mortal Gods, like all the rest,
Must sink dishonor'd in the gloomy grave.

The medal and the sumptuous bust
At length will crumble into dust :
All the arts of fame decay ;
All the hopes of pride betray ;
And all to void oblivion die away !

“ Luxury, open all thy stores,
“ Genial charms, indulgent pow'rs ;
“ With careless Plenty, wanton Ease,
“ Splendor's ev'ry grace to please,
“ With Beauty, Music, Dance and Song,
“ Charming Luxury ! come along !
“ Life is short ; and all its treasure
“ Is a little fleeting pleasure :
“ Fame's a breath and Virtue vain :
“ Let Indolence, let Pleasure reign !

What !—paltry Joy ! inglorious Ease !
Sense indulge, and Reason quit !
Is it spirit, is it wit
To sink in folly and disease ?

Do such delights beseem the wise ?
Ah, where is truth ? where social ties ?
Is there no high reversion in the skies ?

“ 'Tis

" 'Tis wise to follow nature's road ;

" For nature is the law of God."

Ah, what but God's and reason's voice
Shall mark the path, decide the choice ?

Sense deprav'd, and reason blind,

Wretched is the human mind ;

But this by all confess'd is still,

Whate'er does mischief must be ill ;

Consequences ever prove

The bad of selfish, good of social love :

Superlatively blest are they,

Who, nobly passion'd, scorn to stay !

As saints mature, so mortals here

Find bliss alone in Virtue's sphere.

Woe to Av'rice, Pride and Lust,

When white-rob'd Priest pronounces--"*Dust to dust.*"

H E A V E N.

FROM real scenes, obscure and dull,
Softly stole, my Fancy play
'mong fair ideals, where in full
Bloom the loveliest tints of May.

We clasp each dear deceit, that brings
Fancy'd joy, dispelling care ;
Then, Fancy, wave thy rosy wings ;
Lightly revel, light as air.

O Waft

O Waft me from this guilty vale ;
Waft me to that happy shore,
Where humble Innocence shall dwell,
Holy Charities adore,

Zeal, Gratitude and Rev'rence meek,
See the uncreated Light ;
And hear the awful G L O R Y speak,
Ravish'd with blifs infinite.

The time approaches, when this world
Shall, like us its dwellers, fall ;
And, all to second chaos hurl'd,
Conflagration swallow all.

Then, at the voice of God shall rise,
From the ruins of the old,
A new bright earth and happy skies,
An eternal age of gold,

This heavenly fabric shall display
Scenes transcendently sublime,
Which not thro' boundless years decay,
Beauties never chang'd with time.

Here rocks of diamond, meads of roses,
Groves of cedar, myrtle shades,
Where Health still wanders and reposes,
Pleasure sports with all her maids,

Of herbs and flow'rs, to sight and smell
Rich and rare, the carpet lies ;
Ambrosian fragrance these exhale,
These delight admiring eyes.

Large rivers, clear as chrystal, flow,
Murmuring on the pearly bed :
Balmy breezes whispering blow,
Just to wave the Pine-tree's head.

Here walls of Jasper, tow'rs of Beryl,
Heav'nly architecture, shine :
High domes of chrysolite and pearl
Glitter on the plains divine.

These are the blest hierarchal seats,
Where magnificence abounds ;
Where innocence with pleasure meets,
Holy music ever sounds.

Here Muses with inspired skill
Sing ; while Music tunes her voice ;
With melody all ether fill :
All the blessed Choirs rejoice.

No sun nor moon with changing light
Scatters gross intemp'rate rays ;
But God's own Glory shuts out Night,
Beaming with unclouded blaze.

Here shall the Saints, from Death restor'd,
 Chang'd to Seraph-forms, be blest
 More than e'er Eye or Ear explor'd,
 Shrin'd in everlasting rest.

Here joyful friend with joyful friend
 Meets, and joins the tender kifs :
 Endearment grows, no more to end,
 High-enhanc'd by conscious Blifs.

And Parents fond their Children dear,
 Snatched early to the tomb,
 But now matur'd to Saints, meet here,
 Shouting joyful—"welcome home !"

Whom Avarice afunder rent,
 Cruel Chance or Death controuls,
 Embracing Lovers glowing vent
 Flames uncheck'd, and mingle Souls.

Heroes contend no more, whose hate
 Sunk them to untimely Graves.
 Thrown by the idle farce of State,
 Tyrants humble to their Slaves.

Bitterest foes, met here at last,
 Into warmest friendship grown,
 Their little mean resentments past
 Quite forget, or blush to own.

Now

Now feel the smarting scourge no more
Negroes, basely bought and sold ;
No wretched Captive dreads the oar ;
Here no Harpies thirst for gold.

The Poor's no more for meanness scorn'd ;
Martyrs here forget the wheel :
All injur'd Innocents, who mourn'd,
Triumph glad on Sion-hill.

The Poor in Fortune, rich in Grace,
Bearing Sorrow, Toil and Pain,
Once righteous in their humble place,
Here in glory Princes reign,

Acclaiming Subjects flock around
Kings, who rul'd with equal sway,
Attesting well, that God has found
Faithful These, as faithful They.

The Brave, the Liberal, the Just,
Truly great and good, content,
Ask no mean honors of a bust,
Grateful Souls their Monument.

To faithful Ministers of Grace,
Praise, peculiar Praise is given ;
Saints, whom they sav'd, point as they pass,
" That Man call'd my Soul to Heav'n !"

The Bliss imperial of these plains,¹
 (Want whereof wou'd heav'n destroy)
 The Bliss of Love eternal reigns ;
 Love eternal fount of Joy !

One large all-comprehending Love,
 Noble, happy, constant flame,
 Connects the glorious ranks above,
 Saints and Angels, ev'ry Name.

Millions of rival Ardors glow !
 Thou adored SOURCE of ALL !
 From whom all Beings, Comforts, flow !
 Millions at thy footstool fall !

For Love and Gratitude and Awe
 Fix all hearts and thoughts on Thee ;
 Thy glorious Grace, thy righteous Law,
 Self-convincing, bend each knee.

O infinite tremendous God !
 Whom no Being comprehends !
 Eternal Something ! at thy Nod,
 Nature rises, Nature ends :

On me, a Worm, with grace look down,
 Pardon folly, succour toil :
 I know, I perish at thy frown,
 Gladden at thy pow'rful smile :

The Scene, advent'rous Fancy sings,
 Impotent, unskill'd, untrue,
 May I upborn on seraph-wings,
 Rapt to full enjoyment, view !

An O D E.

LET others tune bewitching lays
 To Wine's delights and Beauty's praise,
 Abuse the grape, debauch the fair :
 Me, O Urania ! still inspire !
 Possess my soul with Heav'n's own fire,
 Virtue my passion and my care.
 Let learned Lux'ry cater feasts ;
 'Till human kind be more than beasts
 Enslav'd to Sense by foul excess :
 Let me be daily more refin'd
 In all the graces of the mind ;
 And love all meaner pleasures less.
 The magic of luxurious Arts
 A while enchants deluded hearts ;
 And gay deliriums charm the brain :
 But Death or Sickneſs foils the whole ;
 And leaves the guilty hopeleſs Soul,
 O'erwhelm'd with horror, ſhame and pain.

Fix'd .

Fix'd in my heart this Thought be still,
Obedience to the sov'reign will
Alone can happiness secure.
 Place Man in Paradise to-day,
 If, impious, He will not obey,
 He cannot happy long endure.

Vice, be it natural, if you please;
 'Tis Nature's cankering sore disease,
 The bitter source of all our Woe.
 To heal this Evil JESUS dy'd:
 O let the thought sink human Pride,
 And bend the stubborn Sinner low!

"Repent!" The God of mercy cries:
 The Wanton laughs, the Sullen sighs;
 But few repent, reform and turn:
 Sweet notes alluring Sin employs;
 Inflaming to forbidden joys
 With philtres flowing from her urn.

Smile on *my* suit, indulgent Skies!
 "O purge my Reason's dimmed eyes!"
 "Unfold your glories to my view!"
 "Raise my desires mean joys above;"
 "My bosom fill with holy love,"
 "Until I pant alone for you!"

An O D E.

FLY, faithless Visions ! Dreams of joy !
That only charm us to destroy !
Whose painted form and harlot smile
The vicious foolish heart beguile :
The bright conceits, ye glitterers raise,
Fruition evermore betrays.

Honor and Pleasure, Wealth and Fame,
Which highly human hearts inflame,
Good are ye all, as ye conduce
To social and to civil use ;
Good, when possess'd by virtuous men :
'Tis Vice perverts you to be vain :
But, whom ye deign with smiles to bless,
Make ye their wants or wishes less ?
Ah no ! Like fire each passion grows ;
The more the fuel, more it glows ;
New cares, new fears, new pains arise ;
Not Art and Nature find supplies :
Vain hearts must ake beneath a crown,
And agonize on beds of down !

The Passions, which enslave the breast,
Are foes to nature, foes to rest :
Far from their empire let me dwell,
Remov'd as far as heav'n from hell.

Give me enough for Nature's needs :
 If Heaven's indulgence that exceeds,
 As duty, so my heart extends
 To all the needy, and my friends.
 Give me a calm and chearful mind,
 Forever pious, firm and kind :
 And let me never play the fool,
 As weakly to forget my rule ;
 Nor place my happiness in state,
 In scenes, where love and liquor wait,
 In molten ores, in human breath,
 Or ought within the reach of Death.

From the Greek of ALPHEUS, the MITYLENIAN.

I Wish no large Domain to hold ;
 Nor value I the charms of gold.
 Content I love, my friend, you see :
Enough is luxury to me.

To J U L I U S.

*In IMITATION of the First EPISTLE of BOOK I,
 Of HORACE, 1762.*

THOU kind approver of my early strain !
 For Thee is nib'd the long neglected pen.
 Indulge the whim, and not the dulness blame :
 I never wrote a Candidate for Fame,

Some friendly genius whispers—" *never do !*"
 " *When fools enough, what need of Punch and you ?*"
 So hence away with Rhymes, and Pipe and Lyre :
 Truth be my study, Virtue my desire.
 Sublimest Views my soaring thoughts employ,
 Celestial glory and eternal joy.

Not in his hot nineteenth does Master John
 Sigh more for Polly, or for twenty-one ;
 Not sun-burnt slaves, compel'd with ruthless blows,
 Long more for ev'ning cool, and free repose ;
 No dunce at school, inur'd to whip and scorn,
 More ardent wishes for a play-day-morn ;
 Than I—to know and gain that *best good Thing*,
 Of equal benefit to Swain and King ;
 The which rejecting or neglecting long
 Brings equal detriment to old and young.
 The fairest light, thank Heav'n ! unveiled shines,
 The guide and solace of my good designs.

Say, should the blind ophthalmic unguents slight,
 Because despairing of an Eagle's sight ?
 What wretch refuses to expel the Gout,
 Because he cannot be as *Sampson* stout ?
 Health's worth his pains.——Does Av'rice gnaw
 the breast,
 Sure, there's a pill to purge the loathsome guest,
 Bewitch'd

Bewitch'd with glory, there's a charm will ease
 The dire enchantment; use it when you please.
 For fluggards, drunkards, lovers, there's a balm;
 And none so raving, that it cannot calm.
 Why, *Thinking's* all!—Sure, that's no grievous
 task :

But think with candor : That is all I ask.
Virtue is shunning vice : Wisdom's first Rule
 Is nothing more, than, *Do not be a Fool*.
 Reflect——what toil and cost a man is at,
 To gain a Borough or a large Estate.
 The Merchant spreads his sails, to India flies
 From want, thro' stormy Seas and burning skies.
 Pho! scorn the Traff! Be not so blindly led!
 But hear and learn; and trust a better head.
 Nay, from the Vulgar learn; Each boxing Blade
 Would bruise the *Nailor* *, was he not afraid
 Of bruises too; for Honor's something fine
 In all degrees; and all aspire to shine.
 But mark the prudence!—*Hobson* understood
 To want a lesser for a greater good.
 Go thou do likewise!—Silver yields to Gold;
 And both to Virtue are but dirty mold.

“ O Money! precious Money!—That acquire!
 “ 'Tis honor, pleasure, all you can desire!”

Thus

* A famous Bruiser.

Thus rants each Wit, that plods at Gain and Loss,
 From high St. James's square to Radcliffe-Cross:
 This hoary Chuffs to cash-book Youth instill:
 This edifies the Shopman o'er the till.
 Some thousands more is all *Bob's* end and pray'r,
 That he may fill a seat, or ride Lord May'r:
 Adorn'd with all the gentleman, poor Bob,
 Without those pounds, must jostle with the mob.
 But hear what children say with better sense,
 "Be good, my dear! and you shall be a prince!"
 Well spoke, pure Nature! There the glory lies!
 To feel no guilty pangs and blushes rise!
 Does *Roscius*, or the children who assign'd
 Crowns to the good, think justest in thy mind?
 Advises best the friend, who bids you get,
 (And fairly, if you can) a large estate;
 (But yet however) 'till you can appear
 Knight of the Shire, or haply rank a Peer;
 Or he, who bids you Fortune's flash deride,
 And generously scorn her empty pride?

If Britons ask—"What makes this man not share
 The common notions, as the common air?"

I tell you, friends! The very same reply,
 Old Reynard made the Lion, that will I.

"The prints all pointing in, and not one out,
 "Appear so strangely, I beg leave to doubt."

Stare

Stare not, good people, if I'm not like you :
 Whom shou'd I copy ! or whose end pursue ?
 Some thrive by trading ; some to play resort ;
 Some deal in stocks ; and others cringe at Court ;
 All have their turns ; the most by humor move ;
 And hourly vary in dislike and love.

“ No place on earth, some Great One says, excels
 “ *Brightelmston's* healthy coast, and *Tunbridge-*
wells,”

Smit with the whim, to *Tunbridge-wells* he flies ;
Brightelmston sees the pleasure-boxes rise.
 His sickly taste to-morrow takes disgust ;
 Away packs he to *Bath* with equal lust.
 Has Love or Av'rice yok'd him to a wife,
 How free and pleasant seems a single life !
 If single, then he pants to have a mate ;
 And swears, *not heav'n excels the nuptial state.*
 His happiness where shall we fix ? where find ?
 With what new tie the changing Proteus bind ?

What does the poor man ?—Laugh ?—Yes,
 well you may !

He changes Taphouse, Barber, ev'ry day.
 Like richer folk, his fancy quaintly strays ;
 Dislikes his Lodging, and his hired Chaise.

Suppose

Suppose you meet one shuffling thro' the throng,
 Cap'd like old *Monk*, with Cue prodigious long,
 Ruff'd to his ears, like a King *Charles's* shirt,
 Dutch-coated too, and sprucely hanger-girt :
 You laugh at all this oddity of Dress ;
 But why ?—Is oddity of Temper less ?
 It loathes, it likes ; ne'er with itself agrees ;
 Conflicts like winds, and rages like the seas.
 The case is common :—*Think!*—Don't *laugh* again ;
 He does not need a doctor and a chain.
 We still may laugh or weep, no ease, no end,
 If trifles too much tickle or offend.

In short, good Sir, Omnipotence has given
 No greater gift than Wisdom under Heaven :
 Wisdom is all in one ! 'Tis freedom, fame,
 And wealth, and ev'ry good, that you can name.

P H Y L L I S.

Written 1751, on the following Thesis,

*Phyllida amo ante alias, nam me discedere fleuit,
 Et longum formose, Vale, Vale, inquit, Iola.*

VIRGIL.

O F all the girls I ever saw
 I love my *Phyllis* best :
 Her bosom rivals falling snow,
 In silken scarlet drest.

Her

Her aspect gay, serene and fair
 As July's morning sun;
 Her easy mien and winning air
 Have all my wishes won.

When last we parted in a shade,
 The haunt of Philomel,
 Oft o'er and o'er she weeping said,
 "Farewel, dear Youth! Farewel!"

To DORINDA. 1753.

KNEW my DORINDA half how much
 The thought of absence moves me,
 Thy Bosom soft, at Pity's touch,
 Would melt for him that loves thee.

How long, how deeply, must I mourn,
 When years untold deny me
 One happy line or blest return;
 Since all my stars defy me.

That angel-face, that heav'nly breast
 Can I forget?—Ah, never!
 O may Felicity still rest!
 Where Virtue must forever!

On seeing STELLA.

YE gentle Winds my strains convey,
 And to the Nymph impart,
 Whose presence, like the rising day,
 Beam's pleasure on my heart.

Since blooming *Stella* brightly shares
 Heav'n's glories in her charms,
 We well presume she richly bears
 Heav'n's blisses in her arms.

O would she deign to be my mate !
 With her my fix'd abode
 Would make me seem enthron'd in state,
 A little Demi-god.

ON a SIMILAR INCIDENT.

GUARD, my heart! who is this? like a
 Stranger of Light ;

As august as an Angel, as mild and as bright !
 See, she looks—all my Face with confusion is
 hung !

Ah, she speaks—but, alas ! not a word can my
 Tongue !

I must flee the dear Presence, I long to adore :
 Let me dwell in it ever, or see her no more.

To S T E L L A, 1761.

ODE 7. BOOK III. of HORACE.

W H Y, STELLA, flows that stealing
 Tear ?

Anon, the first auspicious gale,
 That wafts the Spring, shall spread his sail ;
 And faithful Gyge, thy belov'd,
 In fortune rais'd, in honor prov'd,
 Faithful Gyge will be here.

By furious storms drove o'er the main
 In starry Amalthea's reign,
 He tastes no joy, nor softly sleeps ;
 But thinks on *Stella*, sighs and weeps.

What tho' some faithless Friend assays
 His noble heart ten thousand ways ;
 With most devoutly-upcast eyes,
 Swears how lovely *Chloe* sighs,
 Panting burns, and fainting dies :—

Perchance relates how *Pratus'* wife
 By falsely kindling jealous strife,
 Depriv'd the chaste Bellerophon of Life.

Relates

Relates what dangers *Peleus* run;
 The lewd *Hippolyte* to shun;
 Recounts and artfully applies
 All stories, countenancing vice:
 In vain! Thy *Gyge* still behaves
 Firm as rocks, and deaf as waves.

But of thyself, dear Maid, beware!
 Thine heart *Eniptus* may ensnare,
 Who reins most gracefully the steed,
 And cleaves the flood with nimble speed.

Bolt fast the door at dewy Eve;
 Let not thy tender ear receive
 Those pow'rful notes, which love inspire,
 The soft complainings of his Lyre.
 To Him, who often cries to Thee,
 "Cruel!"—always cruel be!

ODE 9. Book I. of HORACE.

SEE all the mountains white with snow!
 The burthen bends the labouring woods:
 The brooks and rills no longer flow;
 The north-wind constipates the floods.

Shut out the cold, and heap the fire ;
Freely decant the generous wine,
Which best can pleasantry inspire,
And warm us, till fair weather shine.

Heav'n care the rest !—who soon can lay
The boisterous winds that rowl the Deep ;
Still ev'ry breeze, that moves a spray,
And let the shaking Forest sleep.

Pine not about To-morrow : Take
The lot as gain, each day shall bring :
And, ere with palsy'd age you shake,
Ye Youths ! be merry, love and sing.

Now is the time for Ball and Play,
And whisper'd tales of love by night:
And now the Wanton, to betray
Her hiding corner, laughs outright ;

Struggles, the bracelet or the ring,
In fondness stolen, to detain ;
But, for a Kiss, the wished thing,
Resigns it to her darling Swain.

ODE 12. Book II. of HORACE imitated.

MY Lord, you cannot chuse to hear
 The horrors of a tedious War,
 The rough Commanders, and the flood
 All red with Carthaginian blood,
 Tun'd to the softly-sounding Lyre:
 Neither the savage Party-rage,
 Nor flaving * Revels of the Age,
 Nor Mobs, that shook th' imperial Throne,
 Until by Champions knocked down,
 Do you, my Lord, at all admire.
 Yourself in Story best can write
 How Roman Troops and Cæsar fight;
 What towns they burn'd, what floods they
 cross'd;
 How well they won, how well they lost;—
 Yes, You, in bold heroic Song,
 Can blazon warlike Glory's scenes;
 How fullen Kings and weeping Queens,
 And herds of Wretches, drag'd from home
 By Heroes, who for mischief roam,
 In Pomp of Triumph stalk along.
 Me, humble Me, the Muse bids praise
 Your *Lyffy's* sweet enchanting lays:

She

* Alluding to the Time of a general Election,

She bids me name the Nymph's bright eyes,
And bosom, faithful to your joys :

The Nymph all virgin-charms adorn :
The easiest Airs, which dancing grace,
The keenest Wit, the finest Face,
The neatest Arm, the best Attire,
Distinguish her among the Choir,
On great DIANA's festal morn.

Come, tell me truly, cou'd you bear
To lose a lock of *Lyffy's* hair,
For all the Persian Monarch's store,
And all the wealth on Indy's shore,
When she, with all her winning charms,
Bends her fine neck to let you sip
The neckar'd roses on her lip ;
Or else witholds with sweet delay,
What more delights, when forc'd away ;
Or runs herself in your arms ?

On SOLITUDE.

O Happy Solitude ! I love
Thy tranquil silence, pensive gloom :
Thought lights her lamp ; and from above
Unseen defenders guard the room.

Swift

Swift as a glimpse of light'ning flies
The fire-wing'd Fancy, mental ray ;
No space for her too distant lies ;
Night's ambient shade is blazing day.

No eye but God's, and Angels blest,
From heav'n commission'd, see and know
Why with extatic joys possést,
Or why dissolv'd in tender woe.

Useless and vain were mean disguise,
Which specious Folly much employs ;
An art the Good and Brave despise,
A weapon, which its Lord destroys.

No mirth to make a wise-man sad,
No senseless converse palls the ear ;
No Humorist, delicately bad,
No Russian, odiously austere.

A conscience calm and clear is ease ;
An understanding sound is joy ;
Pleasures, which rationally please,
And in fruition never cloy.

God's Works and Word, serene, I scan ;
Admire his Wisdom, Justice, Grace ;
Or view the busy toil of Man,
The subtil folly of his ways.

Nor Censure spares myself; but blames
 Ridiculous notions, fond desires :
 Conceit degrades, and pride ashamed,
 And scorn attends what vice admires.

O Solitude ! O calm retreat !
 Both from contempt and flattery free :
 That hour, how precious and how sweet,
 With Meditation spent and thee !

An O D E.

THE Morning, like a lovely Bride,
 Sweetly sober, brightly fair,
 With decent coyness, modest pride,
 Rising, cheers the dewy air.

She comes, Creation's eldest-born,
 Blushing Majesty, she comes ;
 But now no rose, no blooming thorn
 Breathes upon the wind perfumes.

The sweet returning beam alone
 Gilds this solitary Wild ;
 While, like a Tyrant from his throne,
 Winter frowns o'er realms despoil'd,

What

What song, when dreary scenes surround,
Can the tender Muses sing?
They, soft, with rose and lily crown'd,
Gratulate the milder spring.

The Muses then alone are gay,
When the charming Season roves,
Bestrewing flow'rs along her way,
Circled round with Joys and Loves.

I'll sing of Thee, dread Tyrant, Death!
Great is thy tremendous pow'r!
Each foul, that lives by mortal breath,
Aw-struck, waits thy solemn hour.

Vain Confidence at thee, (Heav'n's frown,)
May, with stupid boldness, laugh;
But at thine arrow drops the crown,
Coronet and crozier-staff.

The Monarch and the Noble fall
Prone from Honor's lofty feat:
Thy dreadful quiver levels all
Empty glories of the Great.

"Kings fall, says Pride, who sit on thrones?
"Monarchs lie in loathsome graves?"
"Yes, Kings! says Truth, and royal bones
"Rot, disgrac'd like bones of slaves.

"Yea,

" Yea, royal Souls, with all their pride,
 " (Death such change of Fortune brings)
 " May *beg* to grace a Peasant's side,
 " Cursing Tyranny in Kings."

The haughty Fury, that o'erwhelms,
 Like the ancient Persian Ram,
 Munitions, Mountains, Armies, Realms,
 Will it save? No! deeply damn!

O Pride! thy hateful Works behold!
 Mourn the hideous ruin! mourn!
 Hear o'er thy head fierce thunders roll'd!
 See the flames of Vengeance burn!

What's Glory sought by wicked ways?
 Sure a most ridiculous claim!
 Wild meteor, self consuming blaze!
 Dies in darkness! sinks in shame!

Pride! Author dire of human woe!
 What from thee, but guilt and pain,
 Or did, or could, or e'er can flow?
 Go, thou object of disdain!

Come, Charity! celestial flame!
 Mild as Heav'n, all charming rise!
 Sweet harmony of Nature's frame!
 Happiness of happy skies!

What

What Pow'r divinely shews, like thee,
Radiant in the human breast?
No other can, besides, agree
Both to bless and to be bless'd.

Inviolate had'st thou but still
Reign'd among the sons of men,
None had infring'd the sovereign Will;
Death had not appal'd us then.

Now since, by Nature's fatal law,
Scarce thou beam'st on Mortal born,
Let Mercy's clause thy light bestow,
And relume my waned horn.

By thy pure light relum'd, I'll shine,
Rais'd from the gloomy dust,
A Star of righteousness, divine,
Spher'd in glory 'mong the Just.

Thy graces, Charity, bestow!
Happiness thro' thee is given:
Thou solely mak'st us blest below,
Solely mak'st us blest in heav'n.

Thrice happy, happy, who with thee
Lighted pass this tearful Vale:
Thrice happier, happier, crown'd, who see
G O D, and in his glory dwell.

An E P I T A P H.

SOUL immortal ! shun the snares,
 Empty joys and fruitless cares :
 Love, and be belov'd of, God ;
 Use his blessing, use his rod :
 Virtue here alone is wealth ;
 Jesus here alone is health.

A N O T H E R.

Suavitas Vitæ ! generosa Virtus !
 Nec diem summum metuit, nec optat :
 Hic eam cingunt Charites, & inde
 Gloria Cæli.

E P I T A P H S

On four Children, who dy'd of a MALIGNANT FEVER.

I.

THE fiercely-burning flame of Death
 Consum'd our vitals, chok'd our breath ;
 Yet only did our souls refine,
 And fit for endless life divine.

II.

II.

God saw our state, and thought it best
To take us early into rest.

Our lives on Earth were short, to be
The longer in Felicity.

III.

Death is the earthly fate of all:
The Earth itself at last shall fall:
But our Redeemer will restore
To life, in Heav'n, for evermore,

IV.

When the Archangel's trump shall sound,
And wake the sleeping dust around,
Transported We shall wake, and sing
HOSANNA, *to the heav'nly King.*

An O D E.

WHILE yet the breeze diffuses round
Chilling ruin from its wing,
See, yonder Snow-drop paints the ground;
Beauteous harbinger of spring !

Open-bosom'd to the dawn,
 Fairer than the fairest lawn,
 Pleas'd and grateful seems to say,
 " Welcome shine, thou genial Ray !"

Know, pretty Innocent ! how soon
 All thy early pride may fly ;
 Crop'd by some wanton hand ere noon,
 Thou, for cruel nonce, may'ft die.

Little Venturer ! why steal forth
 From the lap of matron Earth,
 All alone in such a Wild,
 Weak to insults of a Child ?

Hark, how the feather'd Rovers too,
 Taught by nature, utter joy ;
 The Black-birds whistle, Stock-doves coo ;
 All their tongues does Love employ.

Infant lisping Love, who reigns
 Fondled Tyrant o'er the plains,
 O'er the Swain and o'er the King ;—
 Little Love charms all to sing !

Ah, dost Thou know, sweet gentle Dove !
 His delight in guile and strife ?

The

The false ungrateful Serpent, Love,
Stings the breast which gives him life.

Placid Ease thy bosom fled,
Anxious thoughts possess instead;
Milder tho' his looks than thine,
Cruel is his fly design.

The Knave intends Thee with a mate
To sit moping in a cage,
A wretched prisoner of state,
Till consum'd with spleen and age,

Conversant with homely cares,
Dubious hopes and aking fears.
Shun, ah shun his subtle wiles!
Trust not his fallacious smiles!

A S O N G.

COME, MUSE, the lone minutes beguiling!
Thy Votary calls, come away!
The Loves and the Graces, still smiling,
Prevail and awaken the lay.

Ye Fair, what's to You more concerning!
Than love, your chief bliss or worst bane?

'Tis friendly to offer you warning,
How love to indulge and restrain.

Tho' curious your passion, Ah never
Too rashly experience the Wife ;
A risque to be happy forever,
Or chain'd to a gally for life.

Nor, when a fair offer engages,
The crisis of Fortune delay :
One moment may forfeit, what ages
Of anguish and tears can't repay.

For pride of tormenting Implorers
Defer not the hour to be blest :
The joy of ten thousand Adorers,
And more, in *one* Friend is posselt.

The Rake from his nightly debauches
Comes reeking and staring and pale ;
Now lowly, now saucy approaches,
To whisper some fine silly Tale.

See scribbled, each pane and each leaf on,
Your name and the boast of your charms :
" O pity, dear Lovely !" cries *Strephon*,
And tenderly pants for your arms.

Shall

Shall *this* be the noon of your glory ?
If ye to consent be unwise,
Such Fools, who as Gods did adore ye,
Will foremost deride and despise.

Discretely selecting a Suiter,
Forget not the pleasures, that last :
What torment to bear for the future
Sad fears,—and remorse for the past ?

The Miser (fond wretch) coffers money
For thankless extravagant Heirs ;
The pretty brisk Bee gathers honey
For murdering Rustics and Bears :

Not so, ye dear Roses of Nature !
Your charms should be squander'd away !
If one must chuse either, 'twere better
With age, unenjoy'd, to decay.

Those delicate bosoms and faces
No sorrow should ever intrude ;
Then give not your loves and your graces
To men undiscerning and rude.

The M A Y.

NOW smiles the MAY : The solar fulgentè
glows :

The mildest breeze in gentle silence flows.
The banks all painted ; spicy blossoms spring :
The sprightly Birds desport on quivering wing ;
Or mellow thrill the budding Groves among ;
Or glean provision for their callow Young :
While wanton boys with cruel purpose view
The pensile Eyry on the waving bough.

Now *Florimel* the blooming willow shade
Enjoys at Noon, on grassy verdure laid ;
On flow'ry pillow, clos'd her pearly eyes,
In happy vision, sweetly smiling, lies.
To humble distance *Colinet* withdraws,
Attends her flock, and guards her calm repose.
Their social flocks, like them united, feed ;
Their lambs, like them, sport joyful o'er the mead.
Their tender bosoms, like the Turtle-dove,
Know only peace and innocence and love.
The sweetest herb, the rarest sylvan green
The finest flow'r is in her chaplet seen ;
The charming She, the flocks spread o'er the plain,
Content and health o'erjoy the simple Swain.

Now

Now *Agriculture*, beauteous in her youth,
Laughs o'er the fields; triumphing in her growth :
With pleasing hope the peasant views the plain,
The charming promise of his future gain ;
Pursues his labor, fill'd with honest joy,
His labor man's original employ ;
With useful labor earns what need requires,
Enough for life, and laudable desires ;
Sustains the poor, contributes to support
The Public-weal and Glory of the Court.

O happy peasants, delving in the soil !
Whose wealth is vigor, whose amusement toil,
When foes dare injure, bold and strong to wield
Vindictive arms in War's tremendous field,
O if ye knew to prize the boon bestow'd,
Plain Nature's blessings, sweet unenvy'd Good,
The fruits of honest, healthy, chearful toil,
The golden harvest of a grateful soil,
Unknown mean fraud, dissimulation, hate,
And fancy'd cares, which gnaw the soul of State,
Unknown the curses, servile Pride brought forth,
Infernal vipers, torments of the Earth,
Brought forth when languish'd Charity, the tie
Of true perfection, seated in the sky,
The sacred law, whose dictates still incline
The real Happy to a life divine,

E

Make

Make individuals, self-mov'd, conspire
The general welfare with divine desire;
Then are ye blest ! from ev'ry sorrow free,
From ev'ry pang, as human lot can be.

What curses sprang, when Charity began
At man's apostacy to fail in man ?
When Right became constraint instead of choice,
And Laws were made, supplies to Nature's voice ?
When Orders rose, some rul'd and some obey'd ;
Expedient modes, tho' not by Nature made ?
(For Nature's wound, afflicted Reason saw,
Requir'd a cure, and thence devised Law,
Which palliates and repels the prurient fore :
God must extirpate ; Reason can no more)
What curses sprang ? O if they are unknown
To you, ye swains, your Lot is blest alone.
O, if untaught the proud contempt of Right,
To hate the day, and prowl like Wolves by night ;
If, less deprav'd from Nature's perfect plan,
Ye freely hold the Rule becoming Man,
Sincere to moral ties without the awe
Of penal sanctions and coercive law,
How safe, how happy your benignant sphere !
Serenely free from anxious hope and fear !
Rich in true Good, Adversity defy !
Ye reap the Earth, and plant to reap the Sky.

Now *Commerce* hoists her white expanding sail;
And gayly floats before the founding gale;
Fearless of tempests, that in fury sweep
The rowling surges o'er the roaming deep:
Her precious freight, with Art, her certain guide,
Is smoothly borne along the heaving tide.
Redundant plenty, curious works of Art,
Whate'er our Soil and Industry impart,
Commerce transports, to bless those distant lands,
Which *Britain* both enriches and commands;
Or, home-returning, most profusely pours
All Nature's opulence on *Britain's* shores.

Imperial *Britain*! high with Glory crown'd!
O'er all the World for Arts and Arms renown'd!
Pomp gilds thy cities, Plenty glads thy plains,
Sublime Religion, noble Science reigns.
O favor'd Isle! each high advantage prize;
Deserve distinction, and by merit rise.
Let Faith and Wisdom on thy pow'r attend;
And be at once the Victor and the Friend.
Pursue the plan, for which all pow'r is given;
And long be thou Vicegerent under Heaven!
A storm sometimes awhile obscures the day;
Heav'n breathes upon it, and it melts away:
So wicked Pow'r, while Heav'n permits, may rage,
The scourge and terror of an impious Age,
'Till sudden Vengeance strike the fatal blow;

Then

Then pomp but serves to aggrandize the woe.
Prosper, fair Isle; and long with joy survey
Delightful springs and sweet returns of May!

Now City-Belles crow'd forth with City-Beaux,
Adorn'd, like Butterflies, in gaudy cloaths;
Frisk o'er the fields, and thro' the meadows range;
The Country breathe, and blest the charming
change.

Revolt'ing Youth to Love's endearing sway
Resign their hearts; and chearfully obey:
Trade's tyrant Pow'r, whose ever anxious soul
With gloomy rigor does each thought controul,
They now repine: for Nature seems possest;
The genial Joy transports each youthful breast,
Inspires resolves, reluctant to sustain
The dull restraint and servile care of Gain.
Let, ye soft Rovers! vernal scenes inspire
Celestial joy, and kindle holy fire.
Reflect whose hand the flow'ry carpet lays,
Rears the sweet groves, and lights yon golden
blaze.

Revere his presence; nor one thought indulge,
One deed assay, too shameful to promulge.
You, like the plants, his glorious Goodness rears;
Fulfils your wishes, and averts your fears;
Can always give you what your hearts explore;
Or, that refusing, grant you something more.

Behold

Behold what Crowds, upon the sacred day,
To worship sacred, but profan'd to play,
What Crowds flock forth ! what coaches throng
the road !

While few lend audience to the word of God.
They view God's works, but a senseless joy ;
Receive his gifts, but wantonly employ ;
Snatch them unask'd, ungrateful to their friend ;
In riot waste, o'erlooking Nature's end,

Or see, where Numbers haunt the House of
Pray'r

Without devotion ; led by Folly there ;
Charm'd with the music, or those priests of fame,
Who boldly soar, and pompously declaim ;
Their ears admiring the mellifluous tongue,
The pleasant Voice, that tunes a lovely Song.
On Wisdom's charms with extasy they gaze ;
Revile her pureness, yet her beauty praise :
She spreads a banquet of eternal Good ;
Her bounteous hand extends immortal food :
But vicious hearts refuse her heav'nly fare,
Sweet in the lips, an healing bitter there.
To harlot Folly their desires incline,
Whose golden cup o'erflows with philter'd wine:
Inchanting music fills her myrtle bow'r,
Entwin'd with bayes ; and roses strew her floor.
Gay magic Scenes, ideal Splendors, fair
To Fancy's view, but empty all as air,

Delude

Delude the guilty Throng with fatal joy,
 Allure with smiles, that blandish to destroy,
 O shun her snares ! the snares of Folly shun !
 Keep Virtue's path, as Earth around the Sun
 Undevious rolls : that holy Will obey,
 Which blesses all, and beautifies the May.

To the SINGING BIRDS.

FREE and merry in each bush
 Warble Nightingale and Thrush :
 Crown'd with chaplets, blooming May
 Harks delighted to the lay.
 Happy, happy, happy Choir !
 Sweetest, softest Joys inspire !

Say what touch on pleasure's springs,
 Tunes the voice, expands the wings,
 When the sprightly plummy race
 Such extatic joys express ?

Reason's foil'd, and Art disgrac'd :
 Man may envy, never taste :
 'Tis a purer Sense, that brings
 More delicious taste of things :
 Simple Nature's beauty warms ;
 Birds are pleas'd with Nature's charms.

Match'd with them, my learned friends
Nothing know of Nature's ends,
Nothing act of wise design,
Just to ordinance divine.

Never boast your learned toil,
Thoughtful LOCKE and curious BOYLE !
Birds sagacity can shew,
LOCKE cou'd not explain nor know.
BOYLE, behold the sipping Bee
Better skill'd in flow'rs than Thee.

Life to you, ye warblers gay,
All is pleasure, all is play.
Feast and song begin with light ;
Leafy arbors lodge by night.
Knows the little Bird one sorrow ?
Cares her heart about To-morrow ?

Yes, the Reas'ner, prone to wrong,
Robs her of her callow young.
Ah, surprized from her nest,
Scarce she trusts a bough to rest.
Spoil'd by man's rapacious race,
Moaning, she forfakes the place.
Ah, Misfortune never knows
Where she safely may repose !

Blush, thou Tyrant of the Ball !
 Reas'ning Savage ! worst of all !
 Why distress, in cruel sport,
 These sweet minstrels of thy court ?
 What infernal joy to make
 Nature wretched for thy sake ?
 Wretched for thy cruel pride,
 Curse of all the World beside ?

Pretty Birds ! your joys pursue !
 Hop and chirp from bough to bough,
 I, with rapture, when I rove,
 Hear the music of the Grove !
 Music, sweetly, softly shrill,
 Flowing from each polish'd bill ;
 From among the silken trees,
 Trembling on the vernal breeze.
 Nothing, Warblers, need ye fear
 An admirer so sincere.

Pleas'd am I to tune the Lyre,
 Grateful to the plummy Choir.
 When they cease their loves and songs,
 Cold their hearts and mute their tongues.
 When I too am with the Dead,
 Let these grateful lays be read,

ODE 30. Of ANACREON.

ONCE the *Muses*, flow'ry-crown'd,
Cupid in their garlands bound;
 Then to *Beauty* gave the Boy.
Venus fought her little Joy.
 " *Let the pretty Captive go,*
 " *Venus millions will bestow.*"
 Go! —not He! —the Boy remains,
 All delighted with his chains.

The K I S S.

AWanton Boy, us'd I to stray
 In woods and lawns, where *Dryads* play:
 Where'er was mirthful dance and song,
 I, wildly joyous, join'd the Throng.

Then simple I, jocund within,
 Saw Paradise in ev'ry scene:
 The country bloom'd, the birds were gay;
 The flocks were blithsome; all was May.

Among the *Dryads*, one, most fair,
 And most genteel in dress and air,
 Still chose me Partner, while the grace
 Of smiles and blushes spread her face:

She

She squeez'd my hand ; whereon, I vow,
I squeezed hers and blush'd too.

We look, and smile, and blush and sigh,
And hate to part, we know not why.

Sometimes in groves or grotts around
She hid, on purpose to be found :
In thickest shade wou'd I surprize
The beautiful Darling of my eyes ;
Or, if I long in vain had fought,
She laugh'd aloud, and so was caught.
Sometimes where'er my walking led
She watch'd, and, when she saw me, fled :
She, glad to be o'ertaken, flew ;
I, glad to overtake, pursue,

One day, my *Dryad*, sweetly meek,
Most tenderly did pat my cheek ;
“ Come, press your Lips to mine,” she said ;
Her fond conceit I soon obey'd :
But, O ye happy Gods ! how stole
Inchanting pleasure on my soul ?
No spicy flow'r on *Carmel* grows,
No honey-oak near *Hybla* flows,
No nectar springs in your abodes
Half so delicious, O ye Gods !

Again she glu'd her lips to mine :
Intoxication how divine !

“ *My dearest Charmer !*” I exclaim'd,

“ *Was e'er this wondrous pleasure nam'd,*

“ *Which from your lips, when mine they meet,*

“ *Glides thro' my very soul so sweet ?*

“ *What call you the enchanting Bliss ?*

She rosy-smil'd, and lisp'd—“ A KISS !”

A S O N G.

BELIEVE not too fondly, beware, gentle
Maids !

Left turtles prove jays in disguise.

A Lover's a rose in your bosom, that fades ;

Neglected, that suddenly dies.

Fix passion with prudence, where reason may
still

To friendship and constancy bind ;

Where virtue and sense may determine your will,

When raptures remit, to be kind.

Eternally Love's happy bondage endures,
If Prudence her captives detains :

Whatever Charm conquer'd, 'tis Prudence secures

The captive, and rivets his chains.

A S O N G.

YE Swains ! never wander from honor and
truth :

Earn age no remorse with the follies of Youth.
In loving the Fair, he's the truest enjoyer,
Who guards the soft breast from each cruel destroyer,

If any Seducer, infernally nurs'd,
Betrays with endearment, the wretch be accurs'd !
A dæmon, for blasting the glory of Beauty,
And tainting affection to violate duty.

Wou'd you what is amiable love, and be blest,
Spread Virtue's pavilion for Beauty to rest :
Let Prudence Esteem and Affection attend her ;
And Constancy comfort, support and defend her.

Nor think from mere Beauty long joy can accrue ;
The pluck'd blossom fades ; admiration palls too.
'Tis goodness is ever (who want it may railly)
The jewel of principal lustre and value.

A Novice, enamor'd of vain Beauty's smile,
In extasy views the fine statue awhile ;
But Constancy lives on the permanent graces
Of minds more adorned and charming than faces.

A S O N G.

A S O N G.

SAY, can Natures discordant complacency know?
Can the Fox with the Lamb, or the Wolf with
the Roe?

Can the Jay with the Linnet, the Hawk with the
Dove?

Then may tempers ill-suited be happy in love,
Then be wise, youthful Lovers, in choosing for life,
Both Phebe her husband, and Colin his wife.

Ne'er dissemble affection, delude with a shew;
And industriously lay the foundation of woe?
All the Mischievous merit the mischief, they meet:
No convention is sacred with hostile Deceit.
So in love as in life, the old proverb is true,
To be honest—and then honest dealing's your due.

Know that Virtue alone can be happy; for still,
There's no evil so fatal, so pregnant, as Will.
Let your principal object be merit: you'll own,
'Tis a folly to hope for a crop never sown.
Let your own cultivation the blessing refine;
And deserve the affection of, who deserves thine.

The

The WALNUT TREE;
AN ELEGY.

Written at the Request of a Lady.

WHAT *Muse* is deaf to gentle *Beauty's* call;
Or stands insensible at *Friendship's* voice?
The *Muse* obeys: To sing the *Walnut's* Fall,
Pleasing command! obedience is but choice.

Your silver harps, ye sylvan *Fairies*, bring;
Which guide your dances by the silent Moon:
To plaintive song wake each immortal string;
Themournful Theme demands a mournful Tune.

Fair *Walnut-tree*, ye fairy Choir, there stood
In Garden green, on gently-rising hill,
A little blooming Sister of the Wood,
Where Thrush and Blackbird, shady, sung at
will.

But late (Alas! what merit e'er was found
To save, when higher Pow'rs our fall decree)
The Owner fancy'd she incumber'd ground—
“Gard'ner! dig up this useless *Walnut-tree*.”

The

The sentence past, intreaties all are vain;
 Her vital roots dismantled soon appear:
 And *Dick* and *Tom*, with sturdy might and main,
 Mangled and lopp'd; no enemy, no fear!

The Poet, to complete her overthrow,
 Climb'd up, and bound with rope her leafy
 boughs:

Ah, cruel Poet! justly to thy woe!
 For thou, in climbing, fore thy shins did'st
 bruise.

Then from his Tent, in leathern armour, came
 Stately Bucephalus*, and seiz'd her bound;
 He, strongly tugging, stretch'd his brawny frame,
 And brought poor *Walnut* tumbling to the
 ground.

The sorrowing *Dryads* trembled when she fell!
 Untimely fell! her fruits were premature!
 Lament, ye *Fairies*! *Echo*, from thy cell,
 Lament poor *Walnut's*—*Walnut's* dying hour!

What guilt of thine provok'd un pitying Fate?
 What excellence offended Envy's eye?

Not

* *A Coach Horse.*

Not humble innocence protracts thy date :
See ! like the Great and Honor'd, see her die !

Exempt is no condition from decay ;
No Lord nor Shrub on earth from Death is free :
What profit then of all this World have they ?
Why Fame !—And Fame's a Walnut-elegy.

Your harps, ye *Fairies* ! this last boon demands ;
Her fate untimely solemnly deplore !
That done, your harps unstrung with trembling
hands
Hang on the Willows—*Walnut* is no more !

To A YOUNG LADY.

A Leisure hour, an indolent repose,
No pastime here, but what from Fancy
flows ;

A mind too dull to think, too brisk to rest,
Drive me to plague some friend ; I choose a Best.
Strange humor mine !—*I ever scorn to tease
A silly Wretch, whom I disdain to please.*

“ *Why*

"*Why write to me?*" you cry: "What have
I done,
"To bear your nonsense?—Friendship! when
begun?"

Nay, own *you know me*: Surely that's all one!
With many folks '*tis friendship to be known.*
Vain I may be: impertinent, 'tis true;
But then my folly cannot injure you.

"*Yes! tease me!*"—Well! but, at so cheap
a rate,

Will not your goodness ease a Noodle's pate?
For write I must!—In songs my ink may flow;
Songs of my own: Fine *Strepbon's* are not so.
Many prefer the Nightingale's wild note
To what Canary trills thro' artful throat.
Perhaps I moralize, nor blush to give
Advice, where it becomes me to receive:
That matters not! for that's our common way:
Archbishops hear what Curates have to say.

"It ill becomes ye then to make too free:
"Low brazen fellows! prating! what are ye?"

Why, Madam! if appearances wo'd pass,
The Lion might be frighten'd at the As.
Nor can we always judge of right and fit:
A licence too is claim'd by *Men of Wit.*

“Do you claim *that*?”—Well, now I own,
I blush:

The solid proof is wanting at the push:
Nothing to shew!—However, when you please,
Bid me depart—I vanish—You’re at ease.
Read my impertinence, or burn, or tear;
Wrap up your thread in’t, or curl up your hair:
’Tis good for something!—And remember still,
We often for the Deed shou’d take the Will.

To the Same. ON READING.

CUSTOM with Folly seems in *this* combin’d
Against you females—*To immure the Mind*;
As if much knowledge made the morals worse;
Heav’n’s choicest blessings were the greatest curse.
My vote concurs to cut all slavish reins;
And bind in Duty’s softer, stronger, chains.
What! treat the *Fair*, as popish Priests their
flocks!

Like injur’d Negroes! like a muzzled Ox!
Undue restraints are brambles of distress
In Virtue’s path, provoking to transgress.
Heav’n leaves us free: To move us to obey,
Reveals high grace, delineates the way.
This god-like plan the Generous will pursue.

All

All true obedience springs from knowledge true.

Presumptuous Folly still its end defeats :

Deceivers perish by their own deceits.

They, who presume the female soul design'd

For no great purpose of a reas'ning mind,

Allow those studies, which the mind debase,

As if in spite, to compass its disgrace.

“ Tales and Romances for a Lady's ear !”

Sublimer studies too sublime appear.

Ladies must only learn the loves of Rakes,

'Till Virtue nods asleep and Vice awakes.

Hence infant hearts pant with the pleasing flame,

Which flashes, darts and glows through all the

Frame,

Almost ere words are found to give it name.

Admit Romancers write in Virtue's cause ;

Through ev'ry page a subtle poison flows :

The fatal fomes kindles curious thought,

'Till all the soul is into tumult brought.

Passions to anarchy resistless rise ;

And Prudence, vanquish'd, in the riot dies.

“ They learn the world this way !” Perhaps
they do :

They learn its vices and its follies too ;

Without the previous skill, that task requires ;

To know such objects, free from such desires.

I own,

I own, such reading greatly may conduce,
 Well-tim'd, well-temper'd, to the Reader's use;
 Quell in the closet Passion's Reasons's strife;
 And send her warn'd, prepared, into life:
 Yet still, such books demand, whenever read,
 The coolest heart, or most experienc'd head:
 For Passion, in the violent and young,
 Will make the Vice seem right, the Virtue wrong;
 Or not discern the Author's good designs,
 Which oft might be compriz'd in two short lines.

The grand intent's t'unravel mazy man;
 And set a guard o'er Beauty, if they can;
 Shew whom you love. — the dæmons in disguise;
 And that in pride — art your safety lies.
 O sad resource! O shameful truth to tell!
 O spoil of sin! how low is nature fell!

Your pardon, Madam! — 'Tis perhaps too hard
 To hint, your prudence e'er can need a guard.
 Indeed I blush for my officious pen!
 You know, you shun, you hate base-hearted men.
 Saw you a Fool since life's first pulse did leap,
 But that affected *to be sly and deep*?
 Brand such a Wretch for Fool, howe'er he blaze;
 He really is weak, as well as base.

Mean Cunning ever is an empty boast :
Mischievous Wits outwit themselves the most :
Their triumphs are the doting of an hour,
Unless upheld a while by wealth and pow'r.
Friends must as Foes the wretches mean despise,
Who, blind to Good, are only damn'dly wise :
Their guile, so odious scarce can be forgiven
By God or Man; accurs'd by Earth and Heav'n,
But poor's the solace to a Maid undone,
To think, his doom her spoiler cannot shun.

Another evil oft bad Reading brings ;
It makes nice Critics in ridiculous things ;
Taints Folly's bosom with a large supply
Of false sensations—*Love* knows what, and why !
Mere phantom-objects all the mind employ ;
Give half its pains, spoil more than half its joy ;
Render uneasy, when no harm is near,
Except its own weak whim, and silly fear.
The Being, thus abas'd appears as frail,
And sorely tender, as a pappy snail ;
Shrinks with fantastic peevishness or dread ;
Acting the Ideot,—to be sure fine bred !
Fit but to languish in a downy chair,
A Fop, a Pug and Parrot all her care.

The

The Reading I wou'd humbly recommend,
 Nor quite reject the other in the end,
 Is history, civil, natural, great and small;
 Divinity, the grand concern of all;
 Moral productions; the chaste Muse's lays;
 (Instructions *she* most charmingly conveys)
 Why shou'd philosophy be deem'd too high
 For beings so near related to the sky?
 All Books, that tend t' ennoble and refine,
 Ladies may read:—Let such, my Fair! be thine.

To the same. On H A B I T.

SOULS after death, as certain Ancients say,
 Inform anew some organized clay:
 Brutes transmigrate to Men, and Men to Brutes;
 Assuming each the kind, which fancy suits.
 If this be true (for all's not true, that's said)
 This World, ye Fair! is then a Masquerade.
 Well, so be it!—You'll grant the sages this,
The fancy's pretty, and not much amiss.

One time, an Edict pass'd, as story goes,
 For each to name the fashion, which he chose;
 And Mrs. *Lachesis* (she, Ma'm, you'll guess)
 Was Pattern-maker for the masquing dress)

Produc'd

Produc'd her patterns of each kind and form,
 From man imperial to the crawling worm.
 Amid the throng one old *Thersites* came,
 Since Troy's catastrophe well known to fame;
 Known for malicious jibes and spiteful tricks;
 A viler ghost ne'er press'd thy waves, O Styx!
 When his turn came to choose an earthly shape,
 The queer old Soul with joy selects an Ape,
 "His choice seems odd!"--At first perhaps it may;
 But the same fault is acted every day.

The God of Nature wondrously assign'd
 A *Turn* peculiar to each human mind:
 That each an end peculiar may pursue,
 Men's humors differ more than faces do.
 If join'd with Virtue, all these *Turns* produce
 Peculiar acts of private public use.
 That all, made free, fit uses might maintain,
 God bade right Reason his Vicegerent reign.
 But things, the noblest in their first design,
 Become the basest, tending to decline:
 The cordial grape, abus'd by wrong degrees,
 Induces dulness, anguish and disease:
 Things all, which used well most sweet impart,
 Spoil'd by excess, excite the keenest smart:
 Prime Angels, exil'd from celestial light,
 Are fellest Dæmons in tartarean night:

Thus

Thus that peculiar *Turn*, by gracious Heaven
To ev'ry soul for noble uses given,
Deprav'd with Vice, with passions base and blind,
Becomes the great distemper of the mind :
Indulg'd to Habit, makes mankind appear
Like beasts ; and various as brute species are.

If ruling Reason only reigns a drone ;
Or weakly yields, and abdicates her throne ;
The Passions deviate to what we condemn ;
And ev'ry choice is monstrous, made by them.
Hence some embrace, with ravenous delight,
What Reason shuns with laughter or affright ;
Some sink below their kind, below the beast ;
Greatest in mischief, as in goodness least :
No light, no law directs the phrenzy'd soul ;
The body is a Bedlam, dark and foul.

Thus all the Passions into Vice may go ;
And, if indulg'd, to vicious Habit grow.
Habit grows stubborn soon, since always join'd,
And woven with the native *Turn* of mind :
Age so confirms it in th' immortal frame
It braves all fortunes, and is still the same.

Hence

Hence, in all stations,* under ev'ry shape,
Thersites' Soul delights to act the Ape.

His coarse example warns us to controul
 Those giant Passions, that convulse the Soul ;
 Left those, unbridled, brutally deface
 The Maker's Image and the works of Grace :
 It bids us shun ill Habit, as a scar,
 An hectic fever, or an hoiden air ;
 All very odious to the gentle Fair ;
 And for this reason worse to be endur'd,
 Because by time and judgment hardly cur'd.

The

* It may be doubted whether ill Habits, respecting particular objects, do remain in a future State, where those objects are not found : but still such Habits are equally pernicious ; for they destroy that virtue firmness, purity and health of Soul, which alone can render it, in any state, morally good and perfectly happy. And who knows whether the desire, as well as remembrance, of things past will not, in some sort, revive in a future State ? Several Heathens and Christian Fathers assert, that Souls unbody'd are invested with certain material vehicles (*Azyoudes* or Spectres) in which they (or at least, the bad sort of them) do retain some capacity for sensual Pleasure and Pain. This, among other ancient Notions, is now commonly exploded ; but we shall probably greatly err, if we think all that is exploded is contemptible.

See *Origen. Contra Celsum. Lib. II.* also the parable of Dives and Lazarus.

The M I N D.

GO look thro' Art and Nature, you shall find,
 The greatest wonder is the human *Mind*.
 Its fair imperial excellencies shew
 Man's title to Supremacy below :
 Yet so absurd its Wisdom, mean its Pride,
 Nothing is so ridiculous beside.

Much boasted wisdom, long and hardly fought,
 Is only noise, futility, stark nought.
 They, who the heights of Metaphysics soar,
 Bring down some truths, but idle guesses more.
 They, who thro' Nature's dark abysses roam,
 Often return, like other Travellers, home ;
 Spoil common-sense, and impudently scorn
 All those high ends, for which Mankind are born.

Could each inspect his neighbor, as he sees
 Thro' crystal walls a factory of Bees ;
 Then might he view the brisk ideas run,
 Like Insects dancing in the ev'ning sun ;
 Their kinds and numbers ; how they rise and join ;
 What counsels form ; with what desires combine.

'Tis

'Tis my conjecture—(and with reason too)
That, while this strange phaenomenon were new,
Ere we discern'd Ideas range by rule,
The wisest would appear the greatest fool;
And humbler minds, which fewer scenes produce,
Seem most consistent, and compos'd for use.
So yonder stars appear to vulgar eyes
Strewn very carelessly about the skies;
Devoid of regular and wise design;
Stamp'd with no signatures of skill divine:
Your Connoisseurs judiciously prefer
A bronze, a picture, or a poor parterre:
The reason's plain—because they comprehend
A trivial System, and the Author's end.

Could we the thoughts of busy mortals view;
Their wisdom, happiness; their good and true;
Then might we see on what nice springs depends
The spite of Foes, the tuneful love of Friends;
Why oft unmeaning sounds deceive our ears;
Why Ignorance in Learning's garb appears:
Might trace the curious plan of Wisdom's thought;
And Folly's cobwebs in each corner wrought.

What pretty fabrics Sophisters could shew,
Little inferior to a fort of straw?
Finite prov'd infinite with dext'rous art;
And that the whole's no bigger than a part;

What

What source supplies the Sun's exub'rant flame ;
What pow'r mechanic moves the Mundane frame ;
How Souls commence by Motion's natural rule ;
And chief—Man's privilege to be a Fool.

What engines would the Statesman's soul reveal !
Most like the Prophet's Vision, wheel in wheel :
Stores of ingenious levers, screws and springs,
To manage Mobs and Patriots and Kings :
Arrangements such, that still 'tis understood,
The Statesman's private, must be public, good.

The Poet's brain great wonders would unfold ;
The art occult, base metals turn'd to gold :
Each country Village by its magic seem
Elysium ; and each Brook, Pactolus' stream.
If wanton Love the soft design inspire,
To make fair bosoms heave with fond desire ;
Then might you see compos'd the mellow song,
That warbles phrenzy thro' the list'ning throng,
Should Satire fell in venom dip his pen,
In Virtue's cause to blast unrighteous men ;
With more than hydra-heads, and killing eyes
Of Basilisk, his armed Rage will rise.
Should Grace divine her sacred warmth impart ;
To stir the brisk vibrations of his heart ;
Then would he charm you with an holy zeal,
Far more than *Orpheus* teaching rocks to feel.

The Beau—methinks I have him in my eye ;
 And see how all his little toy-things lie.
 His own dear Image first at length appears,
 By Mode, his Valet, trim'd from toes to ears :
 Next to his quaint fantastic stupid Mien
 Lies baby Speech, and Fondness to be seen ;
 Courtship to ev'ry eye-ball to admire ;
 Hope, that the Ladies will—in vain—desire.

The Hypocrite, secure in blind applause,
 With lying phiz and sanctimonious saws,
 Would shew a scene (Heav'n save us !) shocking
 fight !

A miniature of Satan rob'd in light.

Within the Miser we should see those fears,
 Which keep unclos'd his eyes, arrest his ears ;
 Where ne'er a noble sentiment can glow,
 Nor mild compassion, anodyne for woe !
 His prone poor soul still poring on the clod,
 Pining in plenty and blaspheming God.

The Libertine—what pencil can describe !
 Whether of brutal or infernal Tribe
 Let Naturalists resolve :—But of the two
 A mongrel progeny would I allow,
 To rail on heav'n, to riot on the earth ;
 The shame of Her, who gave the Monster birth :

Professed

Professed foe to Nature, Life and Soul ;
 No Tears can soften, as no Ties controul.
 Could thought be seen in him, how loath'd a
 crew
 Of foul Ideas would pollute the view !

What would I say ?—The winged Moments fly,
 To waft the hour, when ev'ry form must die,
 Thoughts all revive, and naked stand the gaze
 Of Earth and Heav'n in God's exposing blaze :
 At that Tribunal even *this* may rise,
 Or to acquit or to condemn J—. WISE.

*To two LADIES, who pleasantly chid the AUTHOR
 for an involuntary DISAPPOINTMENT.*

July 26. 1764.

LADIES, permit confession to atone !
 This seeming error really was none.
 I own myself for non-attendance sham'd :
 Wilful omission justly might be blam'd.
 Put *that* the case, the argument would be,
Neglect of you implies defect in me ;
Want of discernment—and a want that's worse !
 One fault includes a dozen more, of course.
 But *that* the case was not :—The cause was great !
 To dire necessity must all submit !

If ill appearances my plea oppose,
And cast I am by over-rigid Laws;
Forgive him once, who needs it often;—give
Your mild reprieve; and let your Convict live.
Not worth in me, but grace in you, I plead.
'Tis your own cause!—I'm penitent indeed!
Did *Shakespear's* Nature, *Pope's* fine Art inspire
Your Poet's numbers with energetic fire;
Full in your ears the piercing notes should roll;
To mollify and charm the list'ning soul.
Did *Richardson's* most gentle spirit breathe,
Ordain'd to wear Fame's everlasting wreath,
Whose pathos strong and language finely free
Sieze all the heart (a conquest own'd by me!)
O'er which, while merit charms a British eye,
Bright orbs shall weep, and fairest bosoms sigh;
Breath'd his blest spirit, then should periods flow!
Prose, soft as air, and pure as falling snow!
Hearts, not like yours—ev'n hearts ally'd to stone
Should melt to read, and tender mercy own.
But I, alas! no such advantage find;
My fancy feeble, and my judgment blind:
So poor a pleader, in the justest cause,
Must go content with pity for applause.

Your various *Graces* when I number o'er,
I feel your worth and my presumption more.

Celestial

Celestial BOUNTY, at the destin'd hour;
 Sent down her Angels with peculiar pow'r.
Beauty fine tints, and waxen forms, with care
 Compos'd and finish'd; nor forgot one hair.
 Had he beheld the workmanship supreme,
Narcissus had escap'd the fatal stream.
Painting bestows the pencil's nice command,
 Ten-times more charming in a charming hand.
 Officious *Music* needless aid imparts;
 Ah, one's enough t' enchant a million hearts!
 BOUNTY was lavish in that hour; for still,
Wit points those charms, and gives them pow'r to
 kill.

Nay, BOUNTY had been cruel so to do,
 But that she join'd *Benevolency* too.

Invidious *Graces*! Why do ye combine
 To shew my dimness, as the more ye shine?
 Yet while I view, I feel (and thence am blest)
 Something cogential animate my breast.
 Blaze, 'till, refin'd by your indulgent ray,
 Like you I shine, and blend a mutual day.

But how can I, at humble distance cast,
 Look up to you, whose very frown would blast;
 'Less you in goodness graciously restore,
 At least, the sun-shine, you indulg'd before?

With

With different tempers diff'rent treatment suits:
This truth shall be exemplify'd in brutes.

A pamper'd *Spaniel*, over dainty grown,
Disdains to fetch and carry for a bone ;
Sneaks off, and tries his miscreant head to hide,
Conscious of guilt and cowardly in his pride ;
But, if you discipline his sides with cane,
The Culprit's your obsequious Slave again ;
Creeps to your feet, and fawns with so much sense,
As if he'd rather die, than give offence.
Submission charms us : We are born to rule :
But i'n't the Dog a rascal and a fool ?
The *Lap-dog*, conscious, not of worth possest,
But of strange fondness in his Lady's breast,
Now soothes, now snarls ; not fearing to offend ;
Meanly ungrateful to his too-kind Friend ;
From base ill-humor ne'er is he exempt,
Except when school'd by hunger and contempt,
The favor'd *Lion*, of a noble mind,
Is grateful without meanness ; firmly kind,
But servile never : We must still approve
His generous spirit, in resent or love.
Honor *will* always, and alone *can*, draw
His noble soul ; for Honor is his law.

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These *Turns* of diff'rent beasts (and more by
ten)

May all be found in our one species men :
Nay, Fiend and Angel scarce more distant are,
Than man from man, in point of Character.

A Tale so plain, 'twere folly to apply :
You know the moral better much than I :
*With nice discernment to inspect the mind,
And treat with just distinction ev'ry kind.*

So far as it concerns myself, I'll say :
Great Nature formed Me of pliant clay :
Own your admirer, set his heart at ease,
He's this or that, whate'er your Graces please.

To a L A D Y.

'TWAS when this *Globe*, where, destin'd, we
to-day

Enjoy the feast, the labor and the play,
To hate, to love, to sorrow and to laugh,
To follow feathers, fight for nature's chaff—

'Twas when, I say, this *Globe*, this earth and main,
Turn'd this side from the *Sun*, to turn again ;

As

As men repent, to sin with keener taste;
 Or change their follies, fated with the past:
 The *Sun*, remote, just left *Britannia's* eyes;
 While *Evening* stay'd behind to close the skies:
 The *Sun's* old porter, like a noble, stood;
 His gaudy livery was a suit of cloud,
 Flowing down gracefully in many a fold,
 Sable and crimson, edg'd with beamy gold:
 'Twas then, when *Belles*, who hate the rude-ey'd
 Sun,

Which broadly stares, and looks their beauties
 dun,

When *Belles*, most like gay Goddesses, at eve,
 Steal forth to breathe, and votive sighs receive,
 Guarded with bipeds, vulgarly call'd *Beaux*,
 Human in form, but something more in cloaths,
 Larger than lap-dogs, timid yet as those;
 'Twas then, I say, at that important hour,
 When Love and Beauty rule in height of pow'r,
 That I, from their dominion long ago
 Condemn'd an exile, yet esteem'd no foe,
 Immur'd in solitude, and musing o'er
 The various incidents of life before,
 Rose, as did Sampson from th' insidious bed,
 Snapping his fetters like a findged thread;
 I, from reveries rising, did divest
 The bonds of *Indolence*, my treacherous guest;
 Aim'd to be chearful, tho' too dull to jest:

My idle hand snatch'd up the ready pen,
 Resolv'd to scrawl to You, just there and then.

How happy to augment, tho' but a mite,
 The sacred treasury of your delight!
 Each fool can injure, and each fop can tease;
 The friendly *Muse* aspires to aid and please;
 And, to those ends, is curious to pursue
 Some object, worthy her, and worthy you.

Faint is the pleasure, and too frail t'endure,
 Which rhymes, like mine, ignoble, can procure;
 But (thanks to Heav'n!) you hold the surest
 claim

To noblest pleasures, pleasures scorning fame:
Worth is the title, which your claim can raise;
 Confess'd by all, from whom one values praise:
 Free adoration meets her glorious beam;
 While crowns and kingdoms cannot buy esteem.

The Great may flutter in the gorgeous spoil
 Of land and sea; and quaff the sweets of toil;
 Stride o'er the world, our envy and our fear;
 Seem drunk with joy; but *Worth* is joy sincere!
 Serenely shining, like the fixed pole
 Immoveable, immortal as the soul.
 Sometimes a cloud conceals her from our sight;
 But seen, we gladly celebrate her light.

When

When Friendship, like a mist-dispelling gale
At summer's morn, develops once the veil,
The veil of modesty, which her confines,
We see transported, and exclaim--*She shines!*

Indeed but few are just to what ~~they~~ feel:
The chains of Form, more strong than chains of
steel,

Tie mute the friendly tongue; or foppish Art,
Sounding her praises, overtops its part,
And breeds disgust; or Envy (constant shade)
Clouds her with slander, 'till she seem to fade.
Such is the fate, that Worth must ever find
Among all ranks of Vulgar in mankind.

Great God of Heav'n and this terraqueous
ball!

Who giv'st, rejoicest in, the good of all,
Who feelt the heart, who ev'ry thought dost
weigh!

Who honor'st truth, and them who truth obey!
How dares the heart assume perverse disguise?
Is to dissemble or calumniate wise?
Rather be truth beyond all human reach,
Than so disgrac'd by ill-according speech:
Nay, man be dumb!—why should ~~not~~ Heav'n
refuse

What man will either stifle or abuse?

My

My voice shall ever boldly trumpet forth,
Wherever due, the just applause of Worth !

Pope, whom you read, in principle was free ;
His art, not doctrine, is admir'd by me :
Too superficial on a theme profound ;
His maxims false, his arguments unsound ;
Blindly astray in metaphysic road,
He charges Evil all on Fate and God :
But yet, he could not fairly Sin acquit :
Let us, where due, lay all the blame, on *it*.

Attach'd to pleasure, and of genius vain,
Many forge systems in their airy brain ;
Nature and God to their strange fancies bend,
Explaining Both to suit their fav'rite end ;
To suit licentious appetite and pride ;
And set the rigid Scripture-truths aside :
(For, since the precepts on the faith will stand,
The Creed must fall, to murder the Command)
But surely 'tis a wretched course, they take,
Who strive to be perswaded to mistake :
A false perswasion can but lull their fear
A little space, to let them riot here :
The Fiends of Death will shortly sieze them prey,
And drag to torments, deep-immur'd from day.

O why do Sinners hate the Scripture-creed,
 Where Grace invites? 'Tis, sure, what *they* most need!
 On Nature's law presume they to rely?
 They still choose bane! by Nature's law they die.
 Stern Nature thunders—"Die!"--without reprieve:
 Mild Grace alone calls sweetly—"Turn and live!"
 Repentance, true, (hard task!) she claims: she must!
 She can but save *the willing to be just*.

Sacred thro' Christ, does her commission run;
 Such honor God decrees himself and son,
 The *Holy Ghost* must have due homage paid,
 Christ's Vicar sent with Angel-hosts, our aid.
 Ah! wou'd we less?—Shou'd Majesty divine
 His most illustrious attribute resign,
 His peerless Holiness? Nor rise to prove
 Of Sin his hate, of Righteousness his love?
 No! Truth forbids!—To all he'll have it known,
None without holiness approach his Throne.
 In *Christ* he means this lesson to display;
 Then bids—*All him embrace, All him obey.*
 Whoe'er this sacred Name perversely spurn,
 Though crown'd in this World, in the next shall
 burn:

Whoe'er this sacred Name aright revere
 Shall shine in Glory there, tho' abject here.

This World, dear Lady, (*Dear* let me address !
 Word never pen more justly might express)
 This World's a jest : regard the World to come,
 Our conduct here decides our future doom.
 Act the immortal !—Short, unsure the date,
 Frail each condition, of this mortal State,
 Why shou'd its highest joys engross our care ;
 Or deepest woes o'erwhelm us with despair ?
 Why shou'd they tempt us out of Virtue's road,
 To risque our title to the grace of God ?
 Adhere to truth ; and then your claim is sure,
 And then alone, to joys, which shall endure.

But, lest my Friend shou'd think, I censure hard ;
 And with injurious scorn condemn her Bard ;
 I own his numbers rise with accent true ;
 And fall with cadence soft as morning dew :
 Good sense and wit, to grace an Angel's tongue,
 Often o'erflow in his melodious song :
 Nor am I sure, nor do I mean to say,
 That ill affections made *his* judgment stray.

When those dread Angels, who appointed are
 To cite us mortals to the final bar,
 Shall from the clouds, like flaming light'nings,
 spring,
 August, tremendous ; shake the thundering wing ;
 And

And blow the solemn trump, whose sound shall
spread

The loud alarm, that must awake the Dead;
When *Christ* our Lord, shall issue, glory-crown'd,
With awful pomp of radiant Angels round,
Enrob'd in all the Majesty of G O D,
To judge this World, where once he victim trod,
And shall sit down upon his judgment-throne
Then shall the secrets of all hearts be known.

To a L A D Y.

W H I L E proud *Ambition* meditates a
throne,
The papal mitre, or a realm undone,
Dismantled cities, desolated farms,
The pomp, the plunder, and the waste of arms,
To trample Innocence with iron shod,
Intoxicate and drench'd with human blood:
While *Patriot-Britons* seriously dispute
Which wise-head shall be in, and which be out:
While *Avarice* grasps, at one voracious view,
The golden hills of *Indy* and *Peru*;
In fancy bears them to her dark abode,
And groans and staggers underneath the load,
Like fabled Giants, who the mountains hurl'd,
To batter *Jove* from his imperial World:

While

While *Luxury*, in gold and purple drest,
On velvet sofa languishes to rest ;
Indulging indolence and soft desires,
Sooth'd with the airs of Eunuchs' wanton lyres,
Till pleasure's touches and the fuming bowl
Relax the body, stupify the soul :
While *Sickness* tosses on the wringing bed,
Or on her pillow droops her aching head,
Desires the light, and yet the light does hate,
Prays now for this, now for another, state,
O'erwhelm'd with anguish and convuls'd with pain,
The furious fever boiling thro' each vein :
While brawny *Toil* each livid limb distends,
And plies his engines to laborious ends,
To feed, defend, to pleasure and adorn
Our feeble race, to pride and mis'ry born,
Drudging unweary, 'till the ling'ring light
Dies in the west, and leaves the world in night :
While silent *Study*, lonely and intent
On latent Things, to learn or to invent,
Seems like a statue, motionless, to pore
On volumes, as the Miser on his ore,
Watching for knowledge, 'till the vitals freeze,
Yet nothing gains but folly and disease :
While thro' the flow'ry meads and verdant woods,
And by the mossy banks of silver floods,
The *genial pow'r of Love* extends her reign,
Transporting ev'ry Nymph and ev'ry Swain :

While

While *amorous Sorrow* mourns a lover dead,
Or (still more deep distress !) a lover fled ;
With weeping pale, and fix'd her down-cast eyes,
Grief all her thought, her language only sighs,
Sits sweetly mournful, like a smitten flow'r,
A lily drooping in a flooding show'r :
While blooming *Joy*, who, vigorous and gay,
Derides at care, and frolics life away,
Who feasts with Health, and in her charming breast
Sinks to repose (for Health gives all her zest,
Lights up her eyes with ardors, early dips
In rosy dews her love-inviting lips)
I say, while blooming *Joy* parades along
With *Mirth* and *Wit*, with *Music*, *Dance* and *Song* :
While *You*, with finger elegantly free,
Command the needle, pencil or the key,
Or take the air, or some good author find
Richly to store your amiable mind,
Or chearful with your Cousins talk and play,
And spend in gentle ease the smiling day :
I, here serene, find nothing else to do,
But something to amuse myself and You ;
Happy, if it may furnish some delight
To You to read, what I for pastime write.

Like Miser's bounty, 'till his death unknown,
While I enjoy it, it is mine alone.
When Fancy's Act is done, the play is o'er;
All vanishes ; my pleasure is no more :

Then

Then you may take the scrawl, and read and scan;
And freely make the most of it, You can.

In this unsettled state, who does not find
The frequent flux and reflux of the mind?
Passions and sentiments now sink, now rise:
A Fool this moment, shall the next be wise.
One cause, at diff'rent times, yields joy and
sorrow :

To-day's dear follies fade before To-morrow:
We lose our former selves: 'Tis *Wisdom's* part
To *know the right*, and *there to fix the heart*.

Without her guiding beam if *Passion* rove,
With ev'ry object varies hate and love;
Still doubtful where to bend, and where adhere;
As some blind Pilgrim knows not how to steer,
Left in a Wild, directed by the wind,
Which sometimes blows before, sometimes behind,

Yet half mankind (who but for joy and pain,
Impress'd by twitches, wou'd exist in vain)
By fluctuating follies ever keep
From that perpetual Calm, where they wou'd sleep,
Wou'd eat and drink, and propagate their stock,
Like Oysters crufted on a slimy rock,
Absorbed in a dull and dead repose,
Regardless of all others' joys and woes.

All sense of duty, and all love of truth,
 Perhaps extinguish'd in the dawn of youth,
 Their giddy follies make them active still,
 And useful to the world, tho' meaning ill.
 To grasp a clod, and drop it at the grave,
 In fields of slaughter to be counted brave,
 To gain a place, a title or a string,
 To be the fav'rite spaniel of a King,
 To gratify mere luxury and pride,
 While nothing's meant, nay, all disclaim'd beside,
 What glorious deeds, what graces, those impart,
 Who are the veriest dæmons at the heart !

Vice makes Vice useful too in other sort ;
 (A serious doctrine ! now tho' preach'd in Sport)
 Useful as natural Evil, to chastise
 Its Votaries : Fools scourg'd by fools grow wise.
 But O how blest, had Vice been never known !
 Then, it is plain, there had been need of none.

As oft in Nature opposites produce
 The same effects, and prove of equal use ;
 It happens frequently in Morals too,
 That Vice effects what Virtue ought to do ;
 Does Good thro' pride, thro' interest, or thro'
 chance ;
 Does God and Man in glory more advance.

Yet

Yet neither God nor Man needs Vice's aid ;
An ugly Monster, which God never made ;
A sin-born curs'd Deformity, the birth
Of vile abuse, by godlike Pow'rs brought forth :
It brought disorder into Nature's plan ;
And shed a fatal pestilence o'er man.
Tho' sometimes Vice the path of Virtue press,
Disguised too in Virtue's comely dress,
'Tis harlot-art to make her prey more sure ;
'Tis Satan's wile the foolish to allure.
If sometimes Vice does good, she still intends
Evil ; in evil to herself she ends.
By Vice the world is ever sunk in woe :
Virtue alone can general bliss bestow :
'Tis Virtue only gives, or can possess,
That all-sought Prize, *consummate Happiness.*

Be your's and mine—O limit not the bliss !
Let universal Nature join in this—
Virtue's pure joy !—In this let all combine ;
And all at once be happy and divine !

To a L A D Y.

I. **M**ADAM, declare—May I, or may I not,
Presume to write to You, were sermons
wrote ?

Malice wou'd scowl on the address, if shewn :

“ Neighbors, behold the Tempter in a Gown !”

The Serpent's form, you know, the Tempter bore,
When he beguil'd our Grandam, *Eve*, of yore :

Yet don't suppose him, Ma'am, to shape confin'd
Of limb or coat ; he tempts in any kind,

In any dress—so impudent !—'tis known,

He has not blush'd at scarlet or at lawn.

But I to Villains leave insidious views :

I will indulge my folly, to amuse.

I've no pretensions to the Cap of Wit.

“ Good reason why !”—You mean, it wou'd not fit.

Well ! truly humble is my whole design :

I wish to please ; but will not toil to shine.

II. Wits are a species of the human Race,
Too often aiming at its last disgrace ;
Mere Zanies on the stage of life, in short,
Who rave, to make the dull Spectators sport.

Nay

Nay to the best and wisest is decreed
 A vain, a poor pre-eminence indeed !
To be but higher hung to public view :
 “ *The admiration !* ” — Aye ! — the terror too !
 Beheld as Spectres, which, in lonely glades
 Gliding by moonshine, frighten rural Maids :
 Their use the same ; instead of penal law,
 To keep the Weak and Wicked under awe.

Pure Wit the Good and Sensible commend :
 But Wit is seldom chosen in a Friend :
 For Wit, tho’ honor’d, is repuls’d by Pride,
 Which never likes a Friend, it cannot guide :
 The witty may be virtuous, all admit :
 But all imagine danger in a Wit.
 So free republics, jealous tho’ secure,
 Abhor in patriot Kings the Tyrant’s pow’r :
 So sinners dread, what never yet did ill,
 Almighty pow’r, which, as it saves, can kill.

III. Why Wits are dreaded Reasons may be store ;
 Some in themselves, and in their neighbors more.

To those, who deem of honor and of shame
 (As wits may do) by vulgar praise and blame,
 Error has charms astonishingly strong :
 And what, but *this*, tempts erring mortals wrong ?
 Justly

Justly 'tis fear'd, that those will greatly err,
 Whose pow'r is great to Vices, men prefer.
 But since the pest by them, it plagues, is nurs'd,
 (I claim your candor) tell me who is worst?
 Children thro' life, men gape at Noise and Show;
 Count Mischief brave; and Worth despise, if slow:
 Benevolence, Utility, look mean,
 When Pride and glorious Mischief take the scene.
 Hence Tyrants, Heroes, Orators and Wits,
 Who copy Hell in all, that mortals fits:
 Hence schisms, rebellions and contentions fierce
 From States to stalls, throughout the universe.
 Dreading contempt, all start up, to a man,
 To be the most contemptible, they can:
 Professing honor, all invert its rules:
 Affecting wisdom, all at once turn fools:
 Madly infringe, that each his claim may prove;
 The perfect bond and bliss of nature, *Love*.

God (whose great end is universal peace
 And perfect good) commands that crimes may
 cease;

Inculcates mercy, mercy most sublime;
 And pardon full, where pardon is no crime;
 (That is, where pardon prompts not to offend;
 For else must rigor rise, to guard the End)
 But who to peace or mercy will incline,

H E V'N

Ev'n tho' commanded by the Voice divine,
When only Mischief on this Earth can shine?

"Have you no spirit, sense, nor generous blood?"

"Tis most ridiculous weakness to be good."

So preach the Vulgar, small and great:—no merit
Is like a choice malignity of spirit.

The maxim grows, that *Love, to be sincere,*
Must twine her tender union fast with Fear.

Hence firm allegiance Tyrants hope to prove
From fear and admiration, more than love;
They know, such grandeur and applause belong,
In common vogue, to daring deeds of wrong.

But, generous Spirits! such ungenerous rules
Leave to their Authors, Tyrants, slaves and fools!
Nothing can him to guilty wit entice,
Whose generous soul disdains that sneaking vice,
Love of mean fame, a fond desire to share
Applause, which Virtue lothes and cannot bear.
The trump of God thro' Heav'n's extent shall
tell,
Not who most shin'd, but meant and acted well.
Noble Ambition scorns a paltry prize:
It soars at views, to which low minds ne'er rise:
It soars at joys and glories grand and true,
Worthy of souls immortal to pursue.

But

But grant a Person of ingenious mind
Upright, and like a guardian Angel kind;
Who both refrains Wit's poignant shafts to use,
And strives his neighbor's foibles to excuse;
What does he gain?—What oft fond parents prove
From worthless children, insolence for love.
O base reward!—If thus men *will* be base,
What *can* preserve them from their fate, disgrace?
Many seem with that haughty meanness born,
Allow them consequence, they pay you scorn.
Many, thro' lust to shine, their friends infest;
And most assail the brightest and the best.
A rancorous envy in the heart does sneak;
Chiefly, among the Worthless and the Weak.
Hence, Men of wit must oft employ the lance,
To teach such Fools their insignificance.

Thus Ma'am, you see, of reasons there be store,
In Wits themselves, and in their Neighbors more,
To make Wits dreaded.—I wou'd not be so
By any, but a fool and villain Foe.

To

To a L A D Y.

WHAT trifling Passions little Life annoy?
 Anxieties for blifs the thing destroy.
 See Pleasure This, and Honour That pursues;
 This, boundless Riches, which he cannot use.
 Men, pronely bent ill appetites to please,
 To ravish Pleasure often murder Ease.
 The son of Honor in this class is seen,
 A ruffian spirit, acting all that's mean;
 With his own species evermore at strife,
 He makes a baited Badger of his life.
 The fool, that scrapes to line his dirty nest,
 Robs and is robb'd; still Knave does Knave infest:
 How happy He, who luckily gets most!
 Alas! his All is gotten to be lost!
 Alas! alas! can any good betide
 Such Compounds base of av'rice, lust and pride!

Thousands of ways all-gracious Heav'n applies,
 To caution Folly, and bold Guilt chastise:
 All Nature's pow'rs of mechanism and will
 Exert their force, repressing ill with ill:
 One fatal moment totally defeats
 The fond importance of all vain conceits;
 War, deluge, earthquake, a vulcano's rage
 Crush in a glance the labors of an age:

All living join to punish or destroy
The life that brings them pestilent annoy.
Yet long experience scarce makes Any find
The real interest of himself and kind,
Charity pure, which best cou'd aid and heal
The various wants and woes, we mortals feel;
And which, when transient objects are no more,
Wou'd make us triumph on the heav'nly shore.

We strive for ev'ry thing, but what we ought;
Forever sure to miss the substance sought,
That *sweet Complacency*, without allay,
The gift of God to them, who God obey;
Sure still to miss th' inestimable prize,
Which in the bosom of *Jehovah* lies,
His *beatific Love*, exhaustless Cause,
Whence Grace on Earth, in Heav'n whence Glory
flows:

Pious Obedience only can secure
That perfect bliss, eternal to endure.

We take short views, erroneous counsels frame,
Sollicit ruin, glory in our shame;
'Till we, like flow'rs, the beauteous tribes of May,
From hurt or age obnoxious to decay,
Which rising hand, or careless foot may spoil,
Fade, fall and mingle with our parent soil.
Then, from the ruin in amazement flown,
The trembling Soul shoots into depths unknown,
Some

With rich and rare of All beneath the skies,
 All, which the Curious and the Courtly prize—
 To these a Youth of gallant form and mind,
 No soft *Adonis*, nor of Lemnian kind—
 If at your feet this Youth and all his store
 Presented were—(could Lady covet more?)—
 No, not all these preponderate your Desert;
 Nor justly poize the virtues of your heart.

This call not flattery, tho' the figure's strong:
 Ev'n snarling Critics licence sons of song.
 My meaning wishes all, that Earth can give
 To make you happy, while on Earth you live:
 For tho' in Heav'n above or Earth below
 Externals cannot Happiness bestow,
 Without that *something*, out of vulgar view,
 Divine-born Virtue, which resides with you;
 Yet are Externals requisite to Bliss:
 God grant you *Those*, as he indulg'd you *This*!

An ODE. To the MUSES.

LIGHTLY touch the quiv'ring strings,
 Airy as the Linnet sings,
 Mellow as the pleasing tale,
 In silent eve, of Nightingale.

O who,

O who, O ye Muses! so gentle and gay,
As blythe as the morning, as blooming as May,
Enliv'ning as sun-shine, refreshing as dew;
O who, O ye Muses! delights us like you?

You the spark of Love inspire,
Breathing up the genial fire:
You point all his golden darts;
And wing them sharp to tender hearts.

By the stream of a fountain distil'd from the
rocks,

The margin all thymy, delight of the flocks,
Ye Muses with Sylvans indulgently play:

Go shew me a Monarch so happy as they.

Study, when she long explores,
Deep descends or lofty soars,
Sues ye, as the thirsty slave

Desires the cooling chrystal wave,

Among mossy cloysters, where Learning and Ease
Combine to bestow all their sweets and degrees

Each Youth importunes you, adoring your shrine,
To carol the orgies of Beauty and Wine.

Courts, in whose illusive blaze,

Pleasure's ev'ry phantom plays,

Your kind solace oft intreat,

Of Fancy's pangs the healing sweet.

If Envy is wounded by smile or by bow,

The Courtier in coach or in chair flies to you;

Unkind

Unkind is bright Beauty, unmild'd awful Pow'r,
 Ye mild, ye bright Muses! your comfort's still
 sure!

On FALSE FRIENDSHIP,

At the Request of a FRIEND.

EAGLES, stooping from above,
 Warn to flight the trembling Dove.
 Lions roaring after prey,
 Chase the weaker beasts away.
 Lo, the honest brutes despise
 Perfidy and mean disguise.
 Open lies the Spider's snare,
 Broke with ease, or shun'd with care.
 None allures with friendly smiles;
 None with feigned love beguiles:
 None of brutal race we find
 E'er to ruin wooe their kind.
 Like old Satan to deceive,
 Man, is thy prerogative!

Gentle speech, engaging mien,
 Hiding enmity within,
 Bring the very Fiend to fight,
 Garnish'd like a son of light.

Ah,

Ah, Misfortune never knows
Where to flee, or where repose !
Dangers ev'ry-where surround :
Eager thousands watch to wound,
Few have virtue to be friends ;
All pursuing fordid ends.

Some, with childish pride elate,
Friends, but only friends for state ;
Fond to have dependence shewn ;
Like a Monkey on a throne ;
By feign'd kindness bring you low ;
By feign'd kindness keep you so.

Some your services to share,
Wondrous kindly speak you fair.
When the Dupe their load has borne,
Meanly then they sneer him scorn :
Oft repay him with a boast,
They, forsooth, oblig'd him most.

Some insidiously pursue
Friendship, with the basest view :
Prompt the open heart to say
What misconstru'd they betray :
Method certain to obtain
Gossip favor, gossip gain.

Fools, impel'd by childish whim,
Mutable as vapor seem :
Most with Int'rest change their Friends,
Steady but to selfish ends :
Nothing, but a chain of gold,
Their abandon'd hearts can hold.

When we rise, our Luck the while
All congratulate and smile ;
Ever pleas'd, while gratify'd
Their expectance or their pride.
When we fall, the paltry crew
Soon forsake, nor bid adieu.
Soon, if Need solicit aid,
Ev'ry sneaking soul is fled :
Each from conscious guilt will grow
Vilest traitor, fiercest foe ;
Foul detractor will commence ;
Feigning lyes in self-defence :
Crime with crime he will defend :
Works of malice know no end :
Malice in mean Souls will live ;
They who injure ne'er forgive.

Difficulties ever try
Where we safely may rely ;
Point out merits, which we may
Think upon some happy day ;

Point

Point out meanness, which in time
May with blushes own its crime.

Where's the noble soul, that dares
Succor wants and soften cares ?
Whom Misfortune well may trust
To restore her from the dust ?
Who to aid Misfortune springs
Gladly on Compassion's wings.

Guardian Angels ! if ye find
Such a great and god-like Mind,
Let him shine to me confest,
Theme of Song and welcome guest !

IRONICAL ADVICE *to a* FRIEND.

NO wonder VICE conciliates repute !
Each Brute associates with his brother Brute,
Who, finely bred, accomplish'd well in Vice,
Would be without it for a Kingdom's price ?
It is the mystery, that makes us free,
Like Masons, of the world's Society.
Your Friends will dub you *gratis*, if you please ;
Teach you with care, and load you with degrees ;
Rejoicing o'er you with sincere delight,
That Hell, thro' them, has gain'd one proselyte :
The host of Angels not rejoicing more,
When cowardly sinners shrink, repent, adore.

Virtue unenvy'd thro' this world may pass;
 Or furnish wonder, like our Sovereign's Ass :
 But—" Ouns !" cries Bravo—" I abhor to see
 " That godly satire on the world and me !
 " It checks our freedom, dashes all our mirth ;
 " And tells such dreams of Heav'n, as sadden Earth.
 " Bray !—let it bray in pulpits !—Priests are paid ;
 " And talking holy nonsense is their trade :
 " But 'tis quite shocking to be seen abroad
 " In public life !——I hate it like a Toad !"

Virtue no soul of Fashion can endure :

He that is poor, with Virtue *may* be poor.
 Would you be rich ; rise up a man of mode :
 No man of spirit serves or values God :
 Religion quit ! Religion ever shun !
 Religion's Dupes are ruin'd and undone !
 Such are for all society unfit,
 'Mong men of business or 'mong men of wit.

Go learn the world !——I do not mean, to gaze,
 Reflect and moralize ; but learn its ways ;
 Learn and pursue with unrelenting zeal ;
 And have such sense as others have to feel :
 Do not to men as you would have them do ;
 But do to them as you are done unto.

If

* The Queen's Zebra, which at this time drew numbers to see it.

If some choice Spirit robs you in the street ;
Make you reprisals on the next you meet.
Right canine fierceness labor to attain ;
When any scoundrel bites you, bite again :
Be not outdone ; but to the last contest
Great Mischief's glory with the boldest crest.

Mark this, my Friend !

The World has many ways
For hopeful Youngsters to aspire to praise :
Wealth, honor, pleasure, all, inviting, shine :
Consult thy genius : Which thou lik'st be thine.

This Globe, my friend, unnumber'd worlds
contains :

The worlds of pleasures, and the worlds of gains ;
The worlds of honor, and the worlds of dress ;
The worlds of gaming and of idleness.
The Wise enjoy their own, its farthest hem :
While all beside are Antipodes to them,
Who, as they ween, like Giants in the moon,
Or flies on cielings, walk heels up, heads down,

Know thy own world : And, lest you act amiss,
Be sure to know no future state to This.
Adapt your knowledge to your present sphere ;
For what is wisdom there is folly here.

If

If you require a comment on my strain,
 The Satirists will ev'ry world explain.
 They spend their breath to rail at Vice, 'tis true ;
 But only teach choice Spirits what to do :
 And from a jakes drag Vice to public view.
 Many had never known, had they not told,
 The honorable crimes, at which they scold.
 Men soon embrace what they deride or blame :
 Some court such lines, as easiest ways to fame.
 Sublime historians ! They with pomp relate
 The feats of Vice, her pleasures and her state,
 Firing ambitious youth to emulate :
 Each Youth aspires, with all his pow'rs unfurl'd,
 Like *Alexander* to subdue a world.

How much it grieves me, gentle Friend ! to find
 Remorse and dread of Heav'n unnerve your mind !
 So pusillanimous ! You ne'er must hope
 To kill your man, or bravely stretch a rope.
 Virgins shall wed uninjur'd, Gaming fail,
 Watchmen walk safe, and Wine in casks grow stale,
 Luxury cease, the Poor in comfort breathe,
 Faction expire, and Worth enjoy a wreath,
 Vile Honesty shall prosper—And the Sun,
 Before the Conflagration, see the world undone !
 Nay—Heav'n shall triumph, while the saints rebel ;
 And grace and penitence unpeople Hell !

O tell it not in Gath!—Sin boldly like the brave,
 'Till Satan take your soul, your rotten bones the
 Grave!

A S O N G.

THE Muse ne'er diffembles
 My Shepherdess knows:
 My Chloe resembles
 The sweet blowing rose.

She fills with good-humour

The light and the air :

Each Season is Summer,
 If Chloe be there.

The gay and the tender

Thy young bosom move,

With gentle surrender,

To yield unto Love :

'Tis well, O my Charmer!

Thy Shepherd is true ;

No rudeness shall harm her,

Nor falshood undo.

'Tis

'Tis time for the pleasure
Which Love can bestow:
Our moments of leisure,
How swiftly they go!

How late, you remember,
The country look'd gay;
But now comes December;
All joy is away.

Our cot shall be shaken,
Our garlands shall fade;
The Muse be forsaken,
The spring and the shade;

All pleasure shall languish;
Our love last alone;
'Till sickness and anguish—
Alas! We are gone!

To M A I A.

September 10th, 1767.

O Beauteous MAIA! if thy mind
A due proportion bear,
In worth and pleasing arts refin'd,
No Maiden is more fair.

I

And

And who surveys the glittering stars,
 With heav'nly splendor shine,
 But owns the Ruler of the spheres
 In wisdom prov'd divine ?

So in thy charming look, serene,
 Expression sweetly tells
 What mild Divinity within
 Thy fair External dwells.

But hold ! No adulation stain
 The innocent and pure :
 'Tis That, which Beauty from the vain
 Must, Martyr-like, endure :

What nonsense must affront her ear ?
 What impudence her eye ?
 Her fate demands our pity here :
 Her triumphs move a sigh.

When Folly pleasingly excels
 In artifice of tongue,
 Experienc'd Virtue scarce repels
 The kind insidious wrong.

May still Discretion safely steer ;
 May still your fortunes glide,

From

From hidden rocks and quicksands clear,
O'er Life's uncertain tide.

May Heav'n avert tempestuous storms
And from annoyance spare,
Long, long, the workmanship, it forms
With such exceeding care.

That ev'ry blessing may remain,
As ought on earth, unmov'd,
For worth prefer some happy Swain,
Your chosen, your belov'd.—

For worth—with each advantage more,
Which, added, you can gain :
Let worth be chief ; without it, store
And titles were but vain.

Mean-while, your pardon softly smile
On this intrusive scrawl ;
The first perhaps in such a style,
The last, that e'er may fall.

This offering, Madam, to your praise
Means only to divert ;
Such tribute as a Poet pays
To Beauty and Desert.

To the S A M E.

The preceding, happening to be sent soon after a little unlucky Incident, which the Author then knew nothing of, it was supposed to insinuate something of Reproof, for which there was indeed no occasion ;—The following was therefore intended as an explanation.

MADAM, if happiness were mine to give,
 You not one moment should uneasy live :
 Rising at will, and flowing to your hand,
 Eternal pleasures were at your command ;
 With perfect health and virtue to enjoy ;
 (For without virtue pleasures but destroy.)
 But all my efforts little can avail :
 Things have their course ; and mortals must be
 frail.

O wise Omnipotent ! 'tis justly thine
 To deal our portions—'tis a task divine,
 Suits Thee alone, of whom is understood
 What's most expedient for our final good.
 I can no more, than wish, advise and aid
 With feeble pow'r, my amiable Maid.

Sorry

Sorry I am, my freedom, kindly meant,
 Should work so contrary to my intent.
 I now repeat it, *at your friend's request*,
 To banish doubt, and ease your fluttering breast.
 My Billet was, whatever it might seem,
 The pure effect of kindness and esteem.
 So great a compliment I never pay,
 Unless some striking object pass my way.
 Few Ladies, Madam, can, or e'er shall boast
 Such high encomiums, furnish'd at my cost:
 (I prize my compliments!) of those, that do,
 Yourself, the last, stand fairest in my view.

I saw, your fallen countenance betray'd
 Imbosom'd harm,—which instantly convey'd
 A like effect to very conscious me:
 For who resists the force of sympathy?
 An heart, that could an armed host defy,
 Will faint and tremble at a Lady's eye.

But once got wrong, we reel in error still;
 And blunt apologies increase the ill:
 Excusing and correcting faults before
 Will make one fault beget an hundred more:
 Perhaps, I'm only adding to my crimes.
 Forgiveness, Ma'm! to me and to my rhimes!

Forgiveness

Forgiveness grant!—the time may come at last,
When we shall meet, and laugh at fancies past.

When next we meet, reserve and form be far;
With ev'ry imp of jealousy and war:
Be our companions such as we may praise;
And in whose converse we could spend our days;
With sense combining elegance and ease;
Ready alike to be pleas'd and to please:
Above weak arrogance and little guile;
Sincere and chearful as a Cherub's smile;
Content and constant; knowing both to employ
Life's fair advantages, and to enjoy;
And, in a word, (where much is understood)
Exploring happiness by being good.
Such, might I choose, my company should be:
And would not such please you, as well as me?
Pleasures in such Society o'erflow!
Pleasures, which the virtuous only know!

This world seems Eden, opening on the sight
Of joyous youth its treasures of delight;
Looks all enchanting in life's early spring;
Bright Beauty glows; soft Love and Pleasure sing:
Youth no sensation entertains, but joy:
How bland the bosom! and how brisk the eye!
But age advancing, injury invades,
If guilt corrupts not: blooming Eden fades:

Grief

Grief dims the eye with many a briny tear ;
Corrodes the bosom unrelenting Care :
Life's changing day with pensive gloom deform
The roaring tempest and the pouring storm :
Fierce heats and frosts efface the finest frame :
Know, thine, O *Maia* ! must endure the same.

Such thoughts alone inspir'd me, when I drew
My too bold pen, to write at first to you.
Charm'd with your *Beauty*, anxious to reveal
What, I believe, no duty bids conceal,
I would write something ; and, among the rest,
Insinuate advice :—but all in jest !

In jest or earnest, Ma'm, ne'er comes in vain
What your reflexions may convert to gain.
You, prime in youth, conspicuous by your charms,
Require the guard of Caution's strongest arms,
To give protection against Fortune's frown,
Our sex's vice, the envy of your own ;
But chiefly, him, who cruelly beguiles,
Concealing ruin under gentle smiles.

Now once again I ardently implore
Your pardon greatly, but your Friendship more ;
Then bid farewell.—All happiness ensue !
I humbly kiss your hands,—Dear Miss, adieu !

A S O N G.

H E.

MY charming *Amanda*, farewell to the snow!
The yellow-hair'd willow and primroses
blow,

Each morning more gay than the former.
Now, copiously breathing in flosculous air,
We'll wander and wanton delightfully, where
Clear swift-running streams gently murmur.

S H E.

See, *Damon*, the birds in the fresh-budding spray,
With frolic and melody joyfully gay,
Transportedly uttering pleasure.
Lo, yonder the solemnly-sweet-cooing dove:
The swallow too merrily twittering love:
Love ravishes all beyond measure.

H E.

More fond than the dove, than the swallow more
gay,

Thy *Damon* the raptures of love shall obey.

Our flocks are all wandering whither

The craggy-brow'd precipice wildly adorn

The

The ruffet heath tufted and white flow'ring thorn :
Come, dearest *Amanda*, haste thither.

S H E.

The craggy-brow'd precipice, *Damon*, I fear :
The scene is romantic, but danger is near :
In lonely excursion, so clever,
Some prickle may tear me, or viper asleep
Uncoil from a tuft, or I fall down the steep :
Alas ! I were ruin'd forever !

H E

No danger, *Amanda*, when *Damon* is nigh.
An holy-like influence beams from your eye,
Whence generous virtue is given.
With life wou'd I guard you in every scene.
Betray ! who can perpetrate folly so mean ?
Not I, dear *Amanda*, by heaven !

S H E

With honor attended in *Damon's* gay form,
I'd wander a desert, unfearful of storm ;
And think myself hallow'd from thunder.

H E

In love let us join, and thro' life let us go,
Thro' stilness or tempest, thro' sunshine or snow :
No fortune shall part us asunder.

To L O T H A R I O.

HOW fares *Lotbario*?—Whim will have its way.

They oft talk most, who have the least to say :
The lightliest-loaded is the swiftest beast :
I scribble fastest, when I think the least.

Why, so do all, I ween, And flippant style
Charms most the Many; makes ev'n Critics smile,
Most people judge alike of men and beer :

“ No froth, my boys! No froth! No spirit
here!”

If windy froth deliciously o'erflows,
Each wise face, captivated, drops its jaws.

“ But what, You cry, means all this vulgar stuff?
Not angry hope!—What all folks mean—a puff,
No company, or good or bad, hard by,
Nor any living Creature, but a Fly!

To read or walk what mortal can endure!
O idleness! how spend this wretched hour?
I'll write to thee, my pleasing Friend—Amen!
There goes the first wild flourish of my pen.

If like Enthusiasts, who their little store
Impart to others, while themselves need more,

Or

Or rather, like vain Prodigals, profuse
Of wealth, ill-given such ideots to its use,
I lavish counsel—well!—Suppose I do,
The folly's mine, the profit's all to you.

My friend, I hear (it sounds in ev'ry breeze)
Your heart is much too tender for your ease.
Indeed no wonder, that the amorous Fly
Stings it amain when morn-like *Flora's* by;
Its gentle texture, if a Nymph instils
One genial charm, in ev'ry fibre thrills:
There sense and beauty cannot fail to please,
And even make the pleasure a disease,
Where'er gay Love unfurls his purple wings,
Each simple Swain his melting folly sings;
Rude Hinds grow tame, the lenient Pow'r adore,
Nor talk obscene, nor jibe and roister more:
If vulgar minds such warm sensations know,
Thine, O *Lothario*! may be thought to glow!

But, O *Lothario*! If thou drestest care,
Toil, want or anguish, guard thy bosom there,
Tho' beauteous *Flora* claims thy passion well,
And love abounds, yet prudence shou'd excel.
Reasons, which justify thy flame, dissuade:
Shall love destroy thy all-accomplish'd Maid?
Can, without Fortune's bounty, Thou and She
From all your worth extract felicity?

No!

No !—Mutual Love, which blest is bliss supreme,
 Wou'd swell distress, and make each pang extreme;
 The value high, the sentiment refin'd
 Excite a grief, too mighty for the mind.
 Ah, leave to bloom, as you regard her good,
 That sweetest Rose, that ever blush'd in bud:
 Leave her to bloom some wealthier lover's bride:
 Be thine the Lily fair amid the silver tide.

Yet, if thine heart, reluctant to submit,
 Abhors the thought, pursue expedients fit,
 Expedients to secure the lovely prize
 In full fruition of connubial joys.
My friend! but how? Can either pray'r or force
Incline the Stars to listen from their course?
 Desert is known, and finds reward as soon
 From those above, as those below the moon.
"Use means! Use means!" is the fastidious rule
 Of ev'ry lucky, self presuming Fool:
 And means avail: But who shall chalk the plan?
'Tis chance exalts, occasion proves the man.
 Chance gives occasion: but, occasion given,
 The use—What's more precarious under heaven?
 That use, which renders one Attempter great,
 Will oft another totally defeat.
 What nice contingencies, which none foresee!
 How little, Man, thy welfare lies in thee!
 Beyond

Beyond all sophistry, our pow'r to fall
Is very great; to rise, is very small.

In men's affairs, all just observers know,
There's what no art can stem, an Ebb and Flow.
As curious *Newton* found his glass, by fits,
The sun-beam now reflects and now transmits;
So something secret now repels our force;
Now speeds, beyond our hope, a gliding course.
In short, pursuing learning, fortune, fame,
Great parts and application miss their aim,
Without that due contingency of things,
Whose kind concurrence easy triumph brings.
To mark that moment, if it comes, to guide
Before the gale, and voyage with the tide,
Includes the art of steering to that coast,
Thro' life's main ocean, which we covet most.

Suppose you compass—(and, by all divine!
I wish whate'er is valuable thine!)
An affluent fortune and your lovely fair,
And all that's worthy of a wise man's care;
Enjoyment lies not solely at your will;
There's *Chance* and *Providence*, remember, still.
Oft as a gurge, in hollow mountains pent,
Opens, by steam explosive, sudden vent;
Impetuous, furious, roars it down the steep,
And pours in dreadful journey tow'rd the deep;

Bears

Bears vills and farms, with all their stores of
 grain,
 And all the flocks and herds upon the plain;
 Sweeps to destruction all, its torrents find;
 And leaves broad desolation spread behind:
 So something sudden, and beyond our pow'r,
 Blasts all our joys.——Then, never be secure!—
 Think how the careless at the deluge far'd,
 And, like good *Noah*, get an Ark prepar'd.

'Tis pure Religion, which from woe can save,
 Disarm Death's sting, and triumph o'er the Grave.

The PRAISE of ROME.

From the Greek of ERYNNA LESBIA.

HAIL! Martial *Rome*! the golden-crown'd!
 High-top'd Olympus Thou hast found,
 Which never shall decay;
 To thee alone did Fate ordain
 The glory of a stedfast reign,
 And universal sway.

Thy mighty bonds bind Earth and Sea;
 Remotest nations bow to thee;

And

And Time, o'erturning all,
 Still changing scenes, and actors new
 For ever leading into view,
 Not Time effects thy fall.

Of all, the solar beams adorn,
 Thy sons alone are Warriors born,
 For conduct and for toil;
 In number like the blades, that grow
 Where *Ceres* does her bounty sow
 Upon a fertile soil.

The V I S I O N.

A N humble *Muse*, unknown to boastful
 Fame,
 No trump requiring to resound her praise,
 Regarding not the glories of a Name,
 If blest with ease to tune her simple lays,

Wrapt in soft slumbers, late, in Vision saw
 Events of years, as Vision may beseem;
 Events which did the World's attention draw,
 Not undeserving of a *Muse's* dream.

Lonely reclin'd beneath a broad-spread Oak,
 Which old in ages immemorial sprung,
 She saw, and at the scene sad silence broke:
 Thus started plaintive accents from her tongue.

“ O this impious unblest age !

“ *War*, infernal Fury, prowls ;

“ Slaughters with enormous rage ;

“ And, pleas'd with boundless carnage, howls.

“ O were faculties e'er given

“ In cruel deeds to be employ'd ?

“ Thus to destroy and be destroy'd ?

“ Impossible ! all-sacred Heaven !

“ The Peasant delves with honest toil ;

“ Upturns the surface of his field,

“ In pleasing hope, the furrow'd soil

“ Will homely necessaries yield ;

“ In hope with labor hard and care

“ To feed and clothe his babes and spouse ;

“ And rest content and debonair,

“ At placid Eve, in straw-built house.

“ Invain his hope ! invain his toil !

“ The only fruit despair and spoil !

“ He sees wild Ravage waste the field,

“ Which late in irksome sweat he till'd.

“ By trooping steeds his harvest spurn'd ;

“ By cruel hands his cottage burn'd :

“ Before his rueful streaming eyes

“ His Infants perish, his Espoused dies !

“ But

“ But if the Peasant’s fate imparts”
 “ No touch to Men’s obdurate hearts ;”
 “ If, thro’ imagination vain,
 “ They slight the Poor and mock his pain ;

“ And but to pompous pamper’d Chiefs

“ Vouchsafe their sympathetic griefs ;

“ Behold the Great and their abodes ;

“ And weep, proud Worms, your mortal

“ Gods !

“ The once gay Palace, the once crowded Town

“ Stand lonely ruins, monuments of woe ;

“ Stern *War*, dire issue of *Jehovah’s* frown,

“ O’erwhelming, lays them in destruction low.

“ The princely Chief, who lately blaz’d

“ High in awful grandeur rais’d,

“ By multitudes ador’d,

“ Deserted dies, biting the clayey sward.

“ The peerless She, whose form was dress’d

“ In all the brilliance of the East,

“ Whose sole disdain’d the ground to tread,

“ Roams wild thro’ wastes, wishing a
 squalid shedd.

K

“ See

" See where GERMANIA, with excess of grief
 " Distracted, mourns her desert lands :
 " Disrob'd and mute, despairing of relief,
 " A weeping statue like, she stands !

" Her pride of Art, her Nature's store,
 " Her food and raiment are no more !
 " Her forests fall ; her plains are spread,
 " Lo, here with camps ! lo, there with dead !

Thus mourn'd the *Muse*.—Alarm'd, BRITANNIA
 rose ;
 Aided GERMANIA, and repress'd her foes.
 Whereat the *Muse* return'd her grateful lays,
 Enraptur'd, to BRITANNIA's praise.

" Glory to great BRITANNIA, who bestows
 " On friends protection, clemency on foes !
 " Bounteous and merciful, like Heaven !
 " *Ask and receive ! Repent and be forgiven !*

" Glorious the rose, in pow'r supreme,
 " Fair Paragon of royal state :
 " Meek but awful shone the beam
 " Of her bright eyes, whose look is fate.

- “ Go forth, my free-born Sons ! — she said —
 “ *Invincible in arms !*
 “ Forthwith her ensigns broad display’d :
 “ Day was astonish’d at the shade !
 “ Her gallant warriors rush’d amain :
 “ Dreadfully quak’d the sounding plain !
 “ Air was confounded with alarms !
 “ Her mighty Navies wing’d the deep,
 “ And pour’d their thunders as they flew.
 “ False GALLIA soon was forc’d to weep,
 “ Her sons no more, her islands few.
 “ Both *Indies* heard, and trembling saw
 “ The terrors of BRITANNIA’S wrath.
 “ Barbarians bow’d, and own’d her law
 “ Most just, tho’ terrible as Death.
 “ Islands and Provinces subdu’d
 “ She conquer’d only for their good !
 “ This truth their chearful mien reveals :
 “ BRITANNIA’S gentle sway they bless ;
 “ And curse false GALLIA, while she feels
 “ What she devis’d for them, Distress.
 “ Here, curst Ambition, view thy fate !
 “ O’erthrown, unhelp’d unpity’d lie !
 “ Nor Man, nor God regrets thy state :
 “ Ev’n Mercy smiles to see thee die.”

But whilst the *Muse* thus pour'd along
 The transports of triumphant song;
 Down from a sable cloud, that shed
 Some chilly drops, a Form did glide,
 Pallid and sad; it rueful cry'd,
 BRITANNIA! GEORGE *is dead!*

Heart-struck and dumb, the pierc'd *Muse* stood
 'Till from her eyes outstream'd a gushing flood,
 Which eas'd her panging pain.
 Soon as the pow'r of voice she found,
 She shriek'd: the Hills affrighted round
 Shrunk and shriek'd again.

Soon as regain'd the use of tongue,
 She thus in mournful accents sung—

“Immortal be thy glorious fame,

“O GEORGE! as now immense!—Thy name

“Remotest Nations heard with awe,

“Submissive to BRITANNIA's law:

“Thy Name let Times remotest hear

“With wonder; and with praise revere!

“Story, with thee adorn'd, must shine:

“Inspired Bards with emulous design!

“Shall paint thy character, great Sire,

“In living colors of ideal fire!

“Each

" Each *Muse*, for love of human race, will shew
 " What virtues grac'd thy royal brow ;
 " How mad Ambition did thy justice prove,
 " The Poor thy providence, the Good thy love,
 " And All thy mercy. — BRITAIN, *This* proclaim !
 " *This*, all ye *Continents*, who fear'd his Name !
 " *This* all ye *Isles*, imbosom'd in the deep,
 " Who shar'd his strong protection ! Praise and
 " weep !

" 'Tis *yours* to weep ! Attune your harps to flow
 " Sad songs; and load each sounding note with woe !

" Whose Word, fate-bearing, like the Voice of
 " God,

" Shall now fend *War* invincible abroad,
 " To stem th' embattled Vallies, shake the savage
 " Hills,

" And thunder Tyrants from their bloody wheels?
 " GEORGE is no more !

" BRITANNIA weeps upon her naked shore !

" Ye noble *Council*, *Heroes* brave,

" How will ye mourn around the royal Grave !

" Ye *Fair*, erewhile like blissful skies

" Diffusing joy, what aking sighs

" Shall heave your tender bosoms ! O what

" gloom

" Of tearful sorrow darken Beauty's bloom !

Anxious

" Anxious *Commerce* shall the Change forego ;
 " Penurious *Trade* shall mix the general woe :
 " As in black state the solemn hearse appears,
 " *Toil* shall stand still to shed some filial tears.

" Lament your great Protector dead, ye *Swains* !
 " Whose lot was plenty on the peaceful plains,
 " While long, beneath his shadowing arm secure,
 " Ye sung to Freedom in the festive bow'r.

" Ye lucid Streams, that murmuring glide along,
 " Ye Rocks, responsive to the Shepherd's song,
 " Resound our woe !—Thou hoary Ocean, mourn
 " Thy Monarch dead !—Ye gazing Stars, that
 " burn
 " High-thron'd in ether, now, in sign of woe,
 " With paler light and pensive influence glow !"

In sobbing verse the *Muse* cou'd grieve no more ;
 But long, in silence, long did she deplore !
 'Till, with a sudden recollection caught,
 She thus advanc'd her sorrow-healing thought.

" 'Tis well ! 'tis well !—I feel fresh comfort
 " Spring !

" Lo, rising fair, I see the *youthful KING*.
 " He comes in pow'r and splendor, like the Sun,
 " Prepar'd his glorious vernal course to run.

" On

" On him BRITANNIA bends her flowing eyes ;
 " As some good Matron, when the Father dies,
 " Beholds with fondness her surviving Boy,
 " The Father's image, and conceives new joy.
 " His chearing aspect gives my breast relief ;
 " And joy, new joy, has banish'd all my grief ! "

While charming admiration seiz'd
 The *Muse*, and danc'd her bosom pleas'd,
 The Yacht flew o'er to fetch the Bride,
 To grace the youthful *Monarch's* side.
 Soon as this Theme of joy appear'd,
 The *Muse* exulting thus was heard.

" British *Muses* ! rise prepare
 " Lofty strain and dulcet air !
 " Our youthful *Monarch's* destin'd Bride,
 " Led by Love, affays the tide ;
 " Haste to hail the *Royal Fair* !

" Haste, and bring your noble songs,
 " Fit to honor British tongues !
 " Sacred songs of bold design ;
 " Songs, that utter flame divine ;
 " Generous, and becoming Thee,
 " *Genius* born of *Liberty*.

Musie,

" *Musie*, all thy pow'rs employ,

" Breathing pipe and warbling lyre,

" Tun'd to accents, that inspire

" Genial love and festive joy.

" *Britons*, of your loyal choice,

" On the patriot-scene attend !

" Delighted Angels list'ning bend,

" And aid the chorus with their voice.

" Hark ! how swell the rapturous lays

" Lofty sense and melting sound !

" Lo, the charmed dolphin plays ;

" Tam'd sea-monsters gambol round.

" *Ocean* owns his sovereign Bride ;

" Still'd is ev'ry boisterous roar :

" Gently heaves the rolling tide,

" And calmly murmurs on the shore.

" *Heav'n*, well-pleas'd to see Her come,

" Serenely sheds a brightening smile ;

" And bids the softest-winged gales

" Gently spread the bosom of the sails

" To speed dear CHARLOTTE home,

" A grace peculiar to this favor'd *Isle*.

" Nuptial

- " Nuptial *Guardians*, bind their loves
 " Fond! and firm as Turtle-doves :
 " In your wreath all blessings twine,
 " Virtuous pleasures, joys divine.
 " *Friendship*, *Friendship* still be there,
 " Zest of pleasure, balm of care.
 " O blest *Friendship*, eldest-born
 " Thou of *Virtue*, Fair divine !
 " The blown moss-rose and blossom'd thorn
 " Breathe no sweetness, match'd with thine !
 " When wintry sorrows hip our mortal bloom,
 " She melts them as the sun ; or gilds their gloom,
 " As the moon's orb, with silver beauty bright,
 " Sheds chearfulness thro' the cold vault of night.
 " GEORGE and CHARLOTTE on the throne
 " May *Glory* radiate the crown ;
 " The heav'n-born sisters *Peace* and *Love*
 " Descend triumphant from above ;
 " Meek-ey'd *Virtue* rear her brow,
 " Scoffing *Vice* be humbled low,
 " While *Equity* with steady hand
 " Lifts her balance o'er the land.
 " Join, *Muses* ! let your voices fill
 " The Court, the City and the Vill !

" Let humble Cot and stately Dome "

" Welcome royal CHARLOTTE home ! "

" Let joy alone be heard and seen, "

" While you exalt the raptur'd strain. "

" Huzza ! Long live the KING and QUEEN ! "

" Long and happy ! Long and happy ! "

" Long live and happy reign ! "

BRITANNIA lovely smil'd, and glow'd

In extasy of pleasure :

Honors and Victories thronging bow'd ;

And pour'd into her lap their treasure.

Meanwhile HISPANIA's fullen pride

BRITANNIA's glory can't abide.

In murmurs first She did revile :

" *I scorn*, She cry'd, *that saucy Isle !* "

At length, out-flew her shining sword ;

A lightening glance it sent.

HISPANIA, rue that scornful word !

That action rash repent !

BRITANNIA, cool and und'fmay'd,

Collected, the mad act survey'd.

To arms, she cries, *my free born sons !*

To arms they fly.—Her dying Dons

HISPANIA soon complains ;

Her

Her lov'd **HAVANNAH** is no more,
 Her warriors gasp along the shore,
 Or drag inglorious chains.

Her silver-freighted *Galeots* yield
 Their cargoes on the wat'ry field
 T' enrich the **British Tars**,
 Whose hearts rejoice to meet the foe,
 Whose hands strike home the conquering blow,
 And make a sport of wars.

Humbled in heart, **BRITANNIA's** foes
 Conciliating terms propose.
 Then *She*, dread Empress of the main,
 With *Victory* combin'd,
 Bound on the jaws of *War* a chain,
 Still pleas'd to spare mankind.

Peace, fled to Heav'n, she did recal,
 To heal the groaning Lands.
 No longer *War* shall vex the Ball!
BRITANNIA so commands.

Lo, poiz'd on light embroider'd wings,
Peace hovers, ready to descend,
 Her Cornucopy flowing brings,
 A grateful present to her friend.

BRITANNIA

BRITANNIA, pleas'd, the boon admires;
 And to her wise and generous breast,
 Which *Virtue's* ardent flame inspires,
 Embraces glad the heavenly Guest.

What joy soft-hearted Virgins prove,
 Inspir'd with *Musick* and with *Love*;
 Or Babes in the indulgent smile
 Of Her, who rears them with a tender toil;
 Such feels Britannia in fair *Peace's* arms,
 Returning after *War's* alarms.

As genial dews the air distills,
 So *Peace* with glad'ning vigor fills.
Peace, sweet as groves when blossoms rise,
 Calm as a fountain, mild as summer skies,
 Her blessings round as dews distills,
 And ALL with glad'ning vigor fills!
 So vernal suns the winter's clouds remove;
 And all is light fecundity and love.

The festive board was richly crown'd;
 Huzzas and bumpers circled round.
 To *Liberty* was crown'd the Oak:
 The Cannons roar'd—The *Muse* awoke.

DAVID'S

DAVID'S LAMENTATION for SAUL and
JONATHAN.

THY Glory, *Israel*, is slain!

How are the Mighty fallen! dead on
thy rocky plain!

O tell it not in *Gath*! nor known

Let it be made in *Askelon*!

Virgin Philistines will joy!

Virgin Heathens triumph high!

Mountains of Gilboa! no dew,

Distilling mild, descend on You!

Nor show'r nor offering bless your soil!

There, *there*, our great dishonor lay!

The shield was vilely cast away!

There fell the armor of the brave!

The shield of *Saul*, as of a slave,

Anointed He with holy Oil!

From the mighty Chiefs, that bled,

From the blood of numbers slain,

The bow of *Jonathan* ne'er fled;

Nor turn'd the sword of *Saul* invain.

The royal Sire, the royal Son,

In life were *Israel*'s joy and pride;

(As Eagles swift, as Lions strong)

And in their death did not divide.

Weep,

Weep, gentle hebrew Virgins, weep !
 Your Monarch lies in everlasting sleep !
 He deck'd your beauteous forms in gold ;
 And made you lovely to behold.

How are the Mighty fallen amid the war !
 Thou, Prince, upon thy lofty rocks wast slain !
 To me, my brother, wast thou very dear !
 For thee, my brother, swells my heart with pain!
 Thy love to me was vast ! above
 The fondest tender Virgin's love.

How are the Mighty fallen ! how set our Glory's
 star !
 O how have perish'd all the weapons of the war !

O D E 15. Of Book II. of HORACE, 1751.

GR A N D Fabrics rise so thick upon the
 plain,
 Few fields for tillage interspers'd remain.
 Immense Canals, extending on each side,
 Draw curious strangers to admire our pride.
 Unmarry'd planes their shady boughs entwine,
 Where elms before sustain'd the loaden vine.
 Violets and myrtles, and a world of those,
 Which only gratify a dainty Nose,

A barren odor to the breeze afford,
 Where teeming olives paid the former Lord.
 Umbrageous laurels in long ranges run,
 To screen the drunkard from the mid-day sun.
 All these our Fathers neither saw nor heard :
 Not rigid *Cato*, with his ell-long beard ;
 Nor mighty *Romulus*.—The private state
 Of each was small, and the republic great.
 No private Portico was seen to rear
 A front superb against the polar Star.
 The laws let none an humble cot despise ;
 But bade munitions, strong and costly, rise ;
 And stately Temples, polished and hewn,
 By ablest artists, out of finest stone.

ODE I. OF PINDAR'S OLYMPICS.

WATER is the first of Things :
 Gold, with rich resplendence bright,
 Shines in wealth, as fire that flings
 Radiance thro' the vault of night.
 High achievements would'st thou praise,
 My genial Spirit !—hast thou spy'd
 A star out-shine the solar blaze,
 Gilding the etherial void ?
 Nothing can we found to Fame,
 Nobler than Olympic Game.

Thence

Thence to lofty lyric song
 Attunes each learned Bard melodiously his tongue:
 To mighty Jove each lyre is strung,
 When grand processions bend their feet
 To *Hiero's* rich and happy Seat.

Hiero, holding glorious reign,
Sicilia, o'er thy fleecy plain,
 Every sweet of Virtue sips,
 And Music's flow'ry beauty tastes,
 As we enjoy with curious lips
 Exhilarating feasts.

Take and string the Dorian lyre,
 If *Pisa's*, *Pherenicus'* Glory

Lofty pleasing airs inspire,
 Since by *Alpheus*, fam'd in story,
 The fiery steed

His Lord, the Syracusan King,
 A Lover of the Racer's ring,
 To Victory thunder'd with prodigious speed.

His Glory shines
 Upon the peopled shore
 Of *Pelops*, whom the mighty pow'r,
Neptune, who the lands confines,
 Dearly lov'd, when *Clotho* drew
 His vital Thread, restor'd anew:

His

His ivory-shoulder'd arm,
Graceful, cast a matchless charm.

Many are those marvellous tales,
To superstitious audience sweet :
Fable more than Truth prevails,
So charming is the painted Cheat.

Fancy, drawing heav'nly forms,
Alluring, flattering unto view,
Magic wonders oft performs,
Dissembling very Falshood true :
But future ages are the test :
Mature Experience teaches best.

Of ruling Gods let mortal tongue
Speak decently sublime ;
Are then our dark Ideas wrong,
More venial is the Crime.

Son of *Tantalus* ! my lays
Shall thee beyond thy Fathers praise.

Immortal Gods, invited, come
To feast at splendid *Sypulum*,
When there thy Father once repaid
The Banquet, they before for him had made.

L

The

The God, who bears the forked mace,
 Prudence yielding to desire,
 Snatch'd thee in his golden chaise
 High to the dome of Heav'n's all-ruling Sire. —

Such fate did *Ganymedes* prove,
 In after-times, belov'd of *Jove*. —

When thou no more wast found,
 Nor to thy sorrowing Mother brought
 By those, who long had vainly sought;
 Slander's affassin tongue, that kills with secret
 wound,
 Pronounc'd thee boil'd, dissected, eat,
 And mangled in a strange inhuman treat.

I blush that Folly should conceive
 So grossly of the sky.
 Gluttons the Gods! — could Ignorance believe?
 Loss is the wages of a lye.

True, if the Gods did ever condescend
 To be a mortal's Guest and Friend,
Tantulus was He;
 But long he could not bear
 His over disproportion'd share
 Of too refin'd felicity.

Pain on satiety attends,
 Above his aking head
Jove a ponderous stone suspends,
 His constant toil and endless dread.
 In wretched indigence he breathes,
 Consum'd with fruitless toils ;
 Because he robb'd the hallow'd Cups
 Of immortality, where sups
 The holy Synod, crown'd with gorgeous wreaths ;
 And also made his Guests profane the sacred
 spoils.

Whoever thinks his morals hid
 From sight Divine, mistakes indeed !
 Hereon the Gods, in ample grace,
 His Son restored to the mortal race.

He, in vivid bloom of life,
 His chin with early velvet drest,
 Amorous fancies in his breast,
 Fair *Hippodamia* sought to wife.

Lone-wandering by the foamy flood,
 In gloomy night, the Lover cry'd,
 “ O *Neptune* ! Monarch of the tide ! ”
 Forthwith the God presenting stood.
 To whom the Youth—“ O God of Seas !
 “ If ought the joys of *Venus* please,

“ Defraud

- “ Defraud *Oenomaus*’s spear !
“ Make me the happy Charioteer !
“ Grant me Victory ! For know,
“ After thirteen Lovers slain,
“ Bright *Hippodamia*, goddess of their vow,
“ A Virgin, Virgin, does remain.
“ True, arduous trials suit not feeble man ;
“ But since we all must die,
“ Why wish to lengthen out my span
“ With indigence and infamy ?
“ Be mine the grand exploit !—O bless
“ My gallant essay with success !”

He spoke ; nor dy’d his words in air :
The God, propitious to his pray’r,
Presents a golden chariot, join’d
To steeds impetuous as the wind.

Oenomaus, thence overthrown,
His honor and his Virgin lost.
She bore six Champions, Heroes of renown,
Valor evermore their boast.

Now *Peleus* numbers with the mighty Dead ;
His tomb, *Alpheus*, on thy margin stands ;
Close by that Altar his Remains are laid,
Revered most of foreign lands.

Olympic sports their fame around
 In that of *Pelops* wide display,
 Where matchless speed and strength are crown'd
 With glory sacred from decay ;
 The Victor spends his future days
 In honor, calm content and ease ;
 With still this blessing to befall,
 The final moment, which arrives to all.

To me, by rule of Chivalry, belongs
 To crown the Victor with Eolic songs :
 For who, among the modern race,
 Tho' Wit and Grandeur both combine,
 Shall, with inimitable grace,
 The lyric Garland twine ?

Heav'n prosper my designs !—O King !
 If Heav'n prolong Thee aid,
 To thy swift wheels my Muse shall sing
 Far sweeter strain
 Upon the sunny Cronian plain,
 Where grows no sylvan shade.

For *this* the Muse for me, with care,
 Does ev'ry choicest shaft prepare.

Let others shine in other things :
 Supremacy belongs to Kings.

Indulge

Indulge no more Ambition's eye:
 Be it thine
 Upon a royal Throne to shine:
 Be it mine
 Thy royal presence to enjoy;
 And be thro' native Greece renown'd,
 As with the palm of wisdom crown'd.

O D E II.

Of PINDAR'S OLYMPICS.

YE harp inspiring Hymns! what God or King,
 What Hero shall I choose to sing?

Pisa sprung from awful *Jove*,
 Emperor o'er the Thrones above.
Hercules condignly claims
 The institution of Olympic games,
 Oblations of his martial spoils
 After long victorious toils.

But tune my lyre to *Theron* glorious,
 In the Chariot-race victorious;
 Kindly, hospitably great!
 Pillar of the *Agrigentine* state!
 His Country's tutelary Pow'r,
 Of noble Ancestry the flow'r,

Who,

Who, long with laboring counsels fill'd
To make their Country safe and free,
The sacred seat of Rivers held,
And were the eye of *Sicily*.
Thence days of liberty and pleasure,
Crown'd with honor, deck'd with treasure,
Days, which wealth and glory gave,
Rewarding Virtue in the Brave.

O son of *Rhea* ! Thou supreme
O'er high *Olympus*, o'er the Game !
Song-admirer ! I implore
Thy bounty to their native shore,
And progeny forevermore.

Not Time, the hoary fire of all
Emerging issues, can recal
What once is past, or right or wrong :
Oblivion with success may rise ;
For Misery dies,
Subdu'd among
A prosperous host of Joys,
When God commissions from above
Sublime Auxiliars, wing'd with love.

Instance, now in blest abode,
The Maids of *Cadmus*, long oppress'd :
For gloomy Evil quits each breast,
Overcome of stronger Good,

See *Semele*, who panting fell
 With tresses flowing, at the wound,
 Infix'd in flaming thunder's sound—
 See *Semele* in glory dwell,
 Rejoicing in the joyful love
 Of mighty *Pallas*, *Bacchus*, *Jove*.
 Ino too, where *Nereus* reigns,
 As Rumor tells the tale, obtains
 Among the daughters of the sea
 A blessed immortality.

The date of life is not decreed;
 Nor do we know when tranquil Day,
 The son of Morn, will grant us way
 From earth; and lasting joys succeed.

Pains and pleasures, rolling tide,
 Affail mankind on ev'ry side.

Fortune, ruling o'er the birth
 Of Joys, from Deity that flow,
 Brings too Calamities on earth,
 Perversely blending both below.

Hence *Oedipus* his Father slew;
 And prov'd the oracle too true.

Erynnis

Erynnis saw the guilty deed:
And, vengeful, slew his martial seed.

The hapless *Polynices* slain,
Thersander only did remain,
Who, great in sports and the embattled plain,
With firm alliance aided those
Noble fires, whence *Theron's* life-blood flows.

Ænifidemus' Son ! to Thee belong
Heroic verse and lyric song !
Him olympic glory crown'd ;
His Brother's name
Pytho resounded, the *Isthmus* did resound,
Who, emulous of hallow'd fame,
Twelve-times in race the flowery crown,
Bore away with high renown.

Whoe'er the flowery crown shall bear,
Thenceforth is free from anxious care.

When with Virtue Riches join,
Both improv'd in lustre shine,
Both, lending mutual aid,
Support and guide the toils of Care,
Our pilot, our effulgent star,
Conducting man thro' Nature's shade.

The

The Virtuous know a future state;
What miseries behind
Pursue the guilty mind,
What woes on dying sinners wait.

Whatever crimes are done
In *Jove's* wide Empire underneath the sun
Are punish'd with severe decree,
The sentence of Necessity.

Serenest nights, serenest days
The righteous evermore enjoy;
No fearful danger e'er dismays,
No grievous tasks annoy:
They neither plow, they neither fail,
Nor dread to see their plenty fail,
With endlets bliss among the Gods
In glory are the just enrol'd;
While sinners groan in dire abodes,
Tremendous to behold!
Whoe'er with vigilance control
The devious motions of the soul,
To *Saturn's* happy seat remove,
Along the starry path of *Jove*.
There ever blows the freshest breeze
Upon that blessed Isle,
Where pleasant odors golden flowers exhale,
Springing in that purer soil,

Or waving on the shady trees,
Or in the silver streams, that glide along the vale,
Rings and Coronets denote their state,
Ensigns righteously bestow'd
By *Rhadamanthus*, great Judge-advocate
Of Father *Saturn*, *Rhea's* Lord,
Throughout the universe ador'd,
Awful sovereign God,

In that nobility divine
Cadmus and *Peleus* right honorable shine:
And *Jove*, subdu'd by *Thetis's* pray'r,
Achilles too translated there,
By whom great *Hector*, *Troy's* firm Tower,
Troy's armed Rampire, overthrown,
In dust inglorious lay;
Cycnus bow'd down to Death's dread pow'r,
And *Æthiops*, offspring of the *Dæmon*,
Forgot his parent's genial ray.

My Quiver yet has darts in store,
A volley wing'd to sound in Wisdom's ear;
But Folly understands no more
Without a dull Interpreter.

Those alone I call the Wise,
Who, born on wings of native Genius, rise.

Learned

Learned Plodders, far below,
 As Genius, high above,
 Clamor incessant, like an envious Crow
 Against the soaring bird of Jove.

Bend the bow, and point the dart!
 My Soul! where must the arrow fly,
 Tip'd with benevolence of heart,
 And wing'd with glory ne'er to die?
 To *Agrigentum*! go!
 Ye gods attest, for gods ye know,
 No City thro' the Grecian land
 These hundred years shall find
 A hand more firm, a heart more kind,
 Than *Theron's* heart and hand.

But Envy longs to scale his fame;
 Injurious with her noisy throng,
 Besieging close with hand and tongue,
 Would strike the glorious standard of his name.

Go count the sand upon the shore,
 Yet thy Arithmetic will fail
Theron's noble deeds to tell:
 His large benevolence is more
 Than countless sand upon the shore.

ODE

O D E III.

OF PINDAR'S OLYMPICS.

INDULGENT Pow'rs! attention deign!

Tyndaridæ and *Helen* fair,

Lady of the beauteous hair!

Renowned *Agragas* shall boast my strain,

A flow'r of elegance and skill

For *Theron's* steeds invincible.

The Muse attends, while I compose

New lays of *Dorian* epic sound:

With majesty the music flows;

Admiring Silence listens round.

The Garlands in their manes entwin'd,

Of me this arduous boon require;

The mellow pipe and song combin'd,

The sweetly-warbling lyre,

Joining concert with my lays

To noble *Theron's* noble praise:

Pisa requires, to whom belongs

Prerogative to claim;

Whose Chiefs divinely utter'd songs

Immortalize in glorious fame:

Ev'n those, to whom, as *Hercules* bequeath'd,
 The lawful Arbiter allows,
 On their distinguish'd foreheads wreath'd,
 The glory of the Victor's brows,
 Green Olive—

Which He victorious brought
 From *Ister's* shady spring;
 The *Hyperboreans* first besought,
 Adorers of the solar King.

Revolving glory in his mind,
Jove's royal forest searching round,
 At length the spreading plant he found,
 A common blessing to mankind,
 Best becoming *Virtue* crown'd.

Then Altars to his Father rose,
 When did the Moon her globe unfold
 Full on the dappled evening's close,
 Pompous in her chair of gold.

Then He olympic sports conceiv'd,
 Whence Olympian *Æra* came,
 Upon the rocky banks atchiev'd
 Of much renown'd *Alpbean* stream.

But

But in the parched *Cronian* vales
 No forest spread
 The green, the cool, the pleasant shade;
 'Twas desert, blown with sultry gales,
 Open to the glowing blaze
 Of all the Sun's inclement rays.

Then thought he to remove to where,
 Returning from *Arcadia's* mountains,
Diana's hospitable care
 Reliev'd him at her silver fountains,
 A pleasant land, which *Ister* laves,
 Of winding vales and hollow caves.

Necessity, severely kind,
 Had then his toils adorn'd,
 When *Eurystheus* had enjoin'd
 To fetch the celebrated Hind,
 Golden-horn'd—
 Which He, devoting to the shrine
 Of chaste *Diana*, made divine—

Diana, shewing him this land, where cold
 Congealing Boreas never blows:
 There stood he wondering to behold
 The stately arbors; there he chose,
 Smit with the pleasures of the scene,
 To mark the future course,

Winding twelve-times the hills between;
For nimble charioteer and flying horse.

His presence dignifies the feast,
With *Leda's* sons divine,
Umpires, when he explores *Olympus'* hill,
Who mark the combatants, that shine
In vigorous feats, or study best
To guide the flying wheel.

Hence, O my soul! the prize of fame
Unto the *Emminide* came!
To *Theron* hence did glory flow,
Which the *Tyndaride* bestow;
'Cause they devoutly 'mong the rest
Do solemnize the sacred feast.

Is water the first element—or gold
The brightest gem in riches seems?
Then *Theron's* virtues are extol'd
To *Hercules'* pillars, glory's wide extremes.

Beyond whatever lies,
Whatever's hid in store,
Impervious is to fool and wise;
Nor shall my folly grasp at more.

ODE

O D E IV.

OF PINDAR'S OLYMPICS.

Glorious God of rolling Thunder!
 Awful Jove!

Ruling *Ætna*, *Typhon* under,
 Hundred-headed Giant strong,
 Groaning loudly, groaning long,
 Loads of flaming rocks above!
 Me thy circling hours sent forth
 With various mellow lyre,
 To celebrate superior worth
 In all, who gallantly aspire.

Succeed our friends in noble views,
 How sweetly cordial are the news!

Son of *Saturn*! kindly deign
 Acceptance of my choral strain;
 Of virtue bright
 The fairest most enduring light.

See *Psaumis* come!
Pisæan olive round his hair.
 See him hasten joyful home,
 To reap a crop of glory there!

His rising wishes Heav'n fulfil!
 For I his future worth foretel;
 His generous care of gallant steeds;
 His chief delight in liberal deeds;

His ardent love of human kind :
Rich harvest of a noble mind !

O let not fiction stain my mouth !
Fact is the honest test of truth.

Thence, *Clymenus*, thy son asham'd
The perfidy of Lemnian dames :

When, clad in brazen mail, he won,
Advancing to *Hypsipyle*,
Briskly he seiz'd the victor's crown,
Exclaiming—" *I am He !*"

Ready both in heart and hand !
Fit for action and command !

Thus oft with glad surprise we find
The hoary head in youth appears ;
A prudent and capacious mind,
Beyond the promising of years.

On PESTILENCE among the TURKS, and WAR
between them and the RUSSIANS, 1771.

" UNPRISON *Pestilence and War !*"

The Voice almighty wrathful said :
Forthwith the dark Abyss expanded wide its jaws ;
Abhorred

Abhorred *Pestilence* arose;
 Her foggy wings infect the air;
 Her baleful eyes shoot keen despair;
 And scorpions issue from her hideous head.

Where'er she bends her noisom flight,
 Loud *Lamentation* howls behind;
 Dolorous *Care* consumes the night;
 Each day presents so dire a sight,
 Beholders wish extinct the light,
 Or that their visual orbs were blind.

War, cas'd in mail of solid fire,
 Seem'd some portentous Comet's blaze;

" Yoke to my brazen car, he cries,

" The Hyperborean Eagle black.

'Tis done:—Swift as the wind he flies:
 His course the sons of Earth and Heav'n admire:
 On *Guilt* his vengeful thunders graze;
Delusion shrieketh at the crack.

Where *Tyranny* and *Lust* of late,
 Impiously consecrated, reign'd;
 And, rudely arrogant in mighty state,
 Oppress'd mankind, and God profan'd;
 There, in their gorgeous domes, *Dismay*
 Blasts all their pride, spoils all their play:

Tyranny

Tyranny raves with rage and fear;
While pallid *Lust* lies swooning near.

“ Shall *Servitude* her goading Irons knap?

“ Shall *Innocence* go free?

“ Shall *Chastity* her virgin lap

“ Pure preserve, O *Lust*! from Thee?

“ Poignant curses!”—mad *Delusion* cry’d,
And flung her spangled turbant on the ground;
Her fabre fell, and naked left her side:
Her crescent turn’d to blood:
Appal’d the *Pow’rs of Darkness* stood;
And *Hell*, more gloomy, groan’d all round!

Occasion’d by reading Miss CARTER’S POEMS,
1765.

FAIR celestial, found below!

Willing I this tribute give:

What Devotion doth bestow

Goodness kindly will receive.

Tuneful birds, in vernal eves,

Sweetly heavy moist and mild,

’Mong the forest’s velvet leaves,

Mellow sing their love-notes wild.

O'er great Nature's feast of joy,
 Odors breathing from each tree,
 They delightful notes employ,
 Yet they fail to charm like Thee.

Sappho ev'ry fading flow'r
 Rifled in the Cyprian groves,
Venus her adored Pow'r,
 Drawn in am'rous pomp with Doves:

O unlike her Hymns and thine!
 O unequal in their force!
 Thine to make the soul divine
 Strong as hers to make it worse!

Numbers gay *Anacreon* stole
 From the beam-encircled Pow'r,
 Soft and easy as his Soul;
 Thine *Eliza*! please me more.

Young may nurse in nightly cells
 Holy rage; or *Gay* impart,
 Mildly in his simple tales,
 Morals worthy of his heart:

Thompson his description join;
 Or in airy Visions rise
Collins, fancifully fine:
Carter shall not want a prize.

Noble *Shakespear*, sacred Name! long O'er
 Britons ever shall adore; more
 First in Merit as in Fame;
 Equal to behold no more

Pindar, fierce, in lightning drest,
 Grand Enthusiast! raves with skill;
 Glowing like his Hero's breast,
 Rapid as his flying wheel:

Homer, bold in epic Song,
Virgil, cool and curious, sings;
Milton, with angelic tongue,
 Personates the KING of Kings:

Dryden's fire my soul does touch;
Pope's fine art, politely free —
 Glorious Poets! — O but such
 Soft enchantment dwells with Thee!

Pious *Carter*! happy merit!
 Fam'd *Anacreon's* sweetness flows
 Thro' thy numbers, while thy spirit
 Ardently seraphic glows.

Angels, glory-crown'd above,
 Charming Songster! heav'nly Fair!
 Wise! divinely wise! will love
 Thee, sweet Partner in their care;

Thee

Thee on blest triumphant wings
 Bear, who'ft early understood
 Well to praise the KING of Kings;
 Endlefs office of the Good!

*To the Reverend Mr. ATKINSON, with ALLAN
 RAMSAY'S POEMS - (which he had lent the
 Author) returned, 1772.*

DE A R *Atkinson!* the Sangs of *Allan*
 Prove him a snell and canty Callan.

He stow'd of wit, at least a gallon

In his brain-pan;
 And eke of vanity, to pal ane,
 A scottish Can.

His verses scurl wi' mickle ease,
 Saft and sonorous, flee to please:
 A sweeter Chiel ane feldom sees

'mang Poets rarest,
 Does he the Braveft tent to bleeze,
 or eke the Fairest.

Aften he hits (not ay, 'tis true)
 The last-won charm, the rythmus due.
 Wow, Man! but then his pickland whieu
 Is faul-inchanting;
 A wee mair Thought to mind his Cue
 Is a' that's wanting.

Maistly

Maistly he tals the wale of sense,
 With gracefu' native negligence;
 He only borders on offence
 Thro' vain neglect:
 Some lines rin law and feebler hence,
 They're incorrect.

But in a Paradise, where shine
 Beauties luxuriantly divine,
 On whate'er side you cast your eyn,
 It were no weel,
 As if thro' envy to repine,
 Like the auld Deel,

Thank thee, kind *Atkinson*! but mair,
 Thank gentle *Ramsay* for my skair
 Of sic refin'd ambrosian fare,
 And sic nice glee:
 The like, I trow, is unco' rare.
 Ee'n God be wi' y'.

An

Scotch Words explained. *J. Sangs*, songs. *Snell*, firm and acute. *Canty*, jovial. *Callan*, a boy, a wag. *Pal*, Pall. *ane*, one. *Scurl*, slide. *wi'*, with. *mickle*, much. *Saft*, Soft. *Slee*, sly, artful. *Cbiel*, a free expression for Person. *Saldom*, seldom. *'Mang*, among. *Tent*, mind, attempt. *bleeze*, praise. *aften*, often. *Wow*, an interjection of Joy. *Whieu*, whistle. *Saul*, Soul. *Wee*, little. *Mair*, more. *a'*, all. *maistly*, mostly. *tals*, tells. *Wale*, choice, best. *gracefu'*, graceful. *rin*, run. *law*, low. *Eyn*, Eyes. *no*, not. *weel*, well. *auld*, old. *Deel*, Devil. *skair*, share. *sic*, such. *unco'*, strangely. *wi' y'*, is with ye, pronounced as one long syllable—*Wee*.

An O D E.

BEFORE the Sleepers in the brake,
 Before the morning eye-lids wake,
 In rapture wake my grateful lays !
 To *Him*, for whom my Lyre is strung.
 Each glowing bosom, tuneful tongue
 In concert join with holy praise !

To *Him* supreme, who reigns alone,
 Almighty King, eternal Throne !
 Ten million Worlds, ten million Suns,
 Beneath his footstool rolling shine,
 Directed by his eye divine :
 Where he commands the Comet runs.

Archangels, rob'd in plummy gold,
 Whom wings of living flame infold,
 Who guide the globes and poize the spheres,
 Adoring to his footstool bend,
 And, light'ning, hasten, if he send
 His greeting to this vale of tears.

He bids them guard a good Man's way :
 His bidding the blest Hosts obey :

All nature speeding at his call,
 Ev'n Fires grow mild and Tempests cease ;
 The Saint finds safety, health and peace,
 Where battles rage and thousands fall.

If wicked Fiends, perverse as free,
 If Men, who mock his dread decree,
 Devise our bane by force or guile ;
 He frowns the guilty Vile away,
 Sore agonizing with dismay ;
 The Just reviving at his smile.

O Ruler of eternal Skies !
 O Ruler holy, good and wise !
 Indulgent Sire, with mercy's rod !
 Our suppliant Souls we pour to thee,
 Our last appeal in ev'ry plea,
 Our Evidence, our Judge, our God !

Unequal to the glorious Theme,
 My Sonnet creeps like feeble stream,
 That down the mountain weeps, and wails
 Among the pebbles, as it flows,
 Until it sink in dead repose,
 Absorbed in the spacious vales.

To a CLERGYMAN, *who complain'd of his*
PEOPLE.

THO' (as your lines complain) your
audience scorn

The Preacher's council and his Master's call,
Think not their case so utterly forlorn,
That they deserve no past'ral care at all.

But as the Sun expends his golden rays
On objects of all kinds, from pole to pole;
So Thou, to Good and Bad, let wisdom blaze;
Diffuse the fair ideas o'er each soul.

Truth, pow'ful Truth, will ev'ry bosom pierce;
And, like its Patron, who redeem'd mankind,
Will melt the obstinate, controul the fierce,
Alarm the deaf, illuminate the blind.

"What!" you exclaim, "shall I with feeble
voice
"Labor divine perswasion to apply
"To Him, who only dozes at the noise;
"And, downy-wrapt on earth, disdains the sky?"

Ah! let him doze!—Awake, he might esteem
Thy feeble voice, divine perswasion, cheap:
So lull'd, he hears an Angel in his dream;
And learns the song of *Moses* in his sleep.

Much

Much is he charm'd, tho' heedless he appears;
 As is the careless Swain, who, on his hill
 Drooping to slumber, unattentive hears
 The liquid wailings of the passing rill.

He wakes refresh'd, as from divine repose,
 Thinks still he hears, and listens for the note;
 Recals the Sense, acknowledges the cause,
 And blesses the Inspirer and the Thought.

'Tis by degrees insensible and slow,
 The chrysal worm assumes gay wings and flies;
 'Tis by the same, must torpid Sinners grow
 Adoring Saints, and holy Seraphs rise.

O cease not Thou due nutriment to lend,
 To let the beam of heavenly wisdom shine!
 The rest to H I M, on whom events depend,
 Submit; assur'd, a glorious Crown is thine.

The

The ESTIMATE: or,
REFLEXIONS on TEMPORAL GOOD and EVIL.

1763.

I. **F** AITH and Affection justly God requires
Of man, so form'd with reason and desires.
The Slave in chains, the Monarch on the throne,
The Saint, whom glories amaranthin crown,
The blessed Orders of eternal day,
Must Him, who rules the universe, obey.
Profane Neglect, Concupiscence and Pride
Plague both offenders and the World beside;
With deep corruption taint created Good,
Alone dilutable with sweat and blood.
Neglect, Concupiscence and Pride profane
Made this our system, as we find it, vain.
Hence gayest life is like a sunny glade,
Where ev'ry floating vapor flings a shade.
But as the vapors, by distilling show'rs,
Refresh the verdures and enrich the flow'rs;
Pains, disappointments exercise the mind,
And render Virtue noble and refin'd;
Benignly temper Pleasure's fervid breath,
Which else, like mildew, sheds abortive death.

Providence

Providence kindly made our welkin scowl,
 To wake and awe the dark erroneous soul;
 Shook into mortal frailty Nature's frame;
 Whence all our pains and all our sorrows came;
 Like thorns and brambles, planted when Man
 fell,

To guard offenders from the road to Hell:
 Kindly severe to save, (O noble view!)
 Sinners and those, whom Sinners might undo.
 For Sin, o'erflowing, deluge-like extends;
 Nor know we where the spreading ruin ends.

Then wherefore mourn a Life not over gay;
 Fly swift, not giddily, my hours away!
 Come, useful Sorrows! — They, who suffer most,
 May reap an harvest equal to their cost:
 They, who the Curse, impos'd in mercy, prove,
 May learn to dread God's anger from his love;
 And, rais'd by trial arduous and complete,
 Become at last, by kind correction great.

1. Consider those, whom God's blest spirit
 warm'd;
 In whom divine benevolency charm'd;
 Fit, as may seem, alone for holy Heaven;
 Yet to the World for its Salvation given;
 Apostles, Martyrs; they affliction found!
 Their hallow'd blood imbru'd this cursed ground!

See,

See, and with thine compare what ills they bore ;
And learn to murmur and blaspheme no more.

Again, see those, to ev'ry mischief keen ;
Who Virtue fiercely injure and malign ;
Like subtil Vipers, lurking in the dust,
With deadly venom arm'd to grieve the Just ;
See those, their grandeur vying with their guilt !
But ponder first ; then envy, if Thou wilt.

All's by permission of supreme decree :
For due probation Sinners must be free.
In weight and number shall reward be given :
No fraud, no force eludes the Judge of Heaven.

Our blest Redeemer, our adored Guide,
Groan'd on a Cross, and like a felon dy'd.
If He so suffer'd, when he man became,
Let Folly blush to think affliction shame.
Affliction chosen thro' regard to *Fit*,
In firm obedience, is divinely great ;
At once it strengthens and severely tries
Virtue expos'd, and stript of all disguise,
In Life's gymnastics to deserve renown,
And then receive an everlasting Crown.

Souls, never try'd, may glory as they can,
And rashly judge ; but Trial shews the Man.

Say,

Say, what is Virtue, ever calm, unprov'd;
 By pain or pleasure scarce a passion mov'd?
 What thank have They, what merit, being good,
 Who have no plea for erring if they wou'd?
 They fair for Pride or Interest may appear,
 Kind without cost, and without trust sincere.

Like wild Romancers, pigmy Souls at ease
 Monsters create and conquer as they please.
 Fantastic children, among Toy-things bred,
 Angle for Whales, chain Lions with a thread:
 Untutor'd Fancy all its wishes gains,
 Nor ever dreams of dangers or of pains.
 Thus flatter'd of themselves and others too,
 No wonder Pigmyes think them Giants true.
 Mature Experience better knowledge brings,
 Awakes from notions to contemplate Things;
 True fear, true fortitude at once inspires;
 And warns to rule aversions and desires.

Affliction teaches reason to command;
 At once it tries and strengthens us to stand:
 While in the Champion, whom oppressions bruise,
 Victorious Virtue Heav'n delighted views.

2. " But grant, you cry, some from affliction
 " gain

" More good, than recompenses all their pain;

" Does

“ Does not affliction often overflow,
 “ And overwhelm a noble Soul in woe ?”

It does, I grant,—And, while God leaves them
 free,

Mankind will deviate ; crimes will ever be.
 Yet is its End, as fact declares, to prove
 Virtue decay'd, and bid repentance move :
 Its toils and dangers give us strength and skill
 To hate and shun offences, if we will.
 Whoe'er succumb in agony and fear,
 In pleasure likely wou'd be insincere ;
 Perhaps wou'd sin thro' wanton folly more
 Than e'er affliction made them sin before.
 For riches, honors, pleasures let them pray ;
 God knows their Int'rest better far than they :
 To grant their wishes were to grant a curse
 So great, that Hell could not inflict a worse.

Pleasure or Pain must try our Virtue still :

Oft souls affected both united feel.
 Pleasure's more dangerous, destitute of guard ;
 And its sweet Trial is its own reward.
 Pain's more secure ; but if intense, 'tis dire ;
 'Tis like the Chymist's purifying fire :
 For truth 'tis borne, or can't be shun'd at all ;
 While Pleasure's woo'd, tho' to its Votary's fall.

So Pain, if virtuous, is chief merit still;
 And Pleasure vicious is the deepest ill.
 One must us try; Then which in Reason's view
 Is best?—Why! Pain is safest, noblest too.

Pain may toss Virtue, rough, on floods of woe;
 Yet still is Pleasure Virtue's direst foe.
 By furious storms the Vessel oft is drove
 From *Scylla's* rocks and *Circe's* odious love.
 Pain may wreck Virtue, true! But Virtue brave
 Rises exalted from the whelming wave:
 Insidious Pleasure might far worse beguile;
 True *Circe* she, with fatal voice and smile!

3. "I still aver, that Fortune might adorn
 "The charms of Virtue; and exalt her horn."

Like other Beauties, doubtless, Virtue charms
 Most irresistibly, when splendor arms.
 But too, too many Fortune's Gifts entice
 To leave the Lady for the Harlot, Vice.
 What State to pray for underneath the sun
 I cannot tell!—O God! thy will be done!

II. Alas! how futile all, our Fancies frame
 Of *Beauty*, *Opulency*, *Honor*, *Fame*!
 Obtaining all, and more than thought conceives,
 Than *Mab'met* feign'd or Mussulman believes,

There

There still wants something—O that something!
 more

Than Vice attains in all Creation's store!

Nay, Virtue too, is here too far distress'd

To harbor *Happiness*, celestial Guest!

When pure Perfection, foil'd by Sin, withdrew,
 The radiant Goddess from this region flew.

She dwells on high: her beams Life's frailties
 shroud;

She only shines, by glances, thro' a cloud;

From her celestial sphere she scorns to bend

No earthly charm can tempt her to descend:

Deigns not her presence on a golden throne,

In regal purple, or in sacred lawn;

Not in a princely coronet enshrin'd;

Nor with a martial shoulder-knot entwin'd;

Fills no gold box, nor blazes in a star;

Rides not huzza'd in corporation chair;

Exhales not from stain'd paste-board at Quadrille;

Soft Beauty's kisses, or the Poet's quill,

Not Beauty, Opulency, Empire, Fame,

Include the essence of the sacred dame.

Superb Delusions! poor vain-glorious boast!

By seeking them, what Crowds themselves have
 lost!

i. Survey with candor joys, which them supply,
 Who glow with Beauty, or for Beauty sigh.

Advancing

Advancing, lo, the Charmer, smiling, young;
Gay *Strephon* list'ning to her silver tongue:
How fine her features! and how freshly blows
The sweetest hue of lily blent with rose!
Her eyes like morn; her cherry lips, like spring,
Breath love and odor on the breeze's wing.
See him in extasy peruse her charms!
Fix'd, panting, trembling, fainting for her arms.
See her now blushing, yielding, while he pleads;
Both fill'd with bliss, which utterance exceeds,
But, O! the Change!—When passions fiercely
burn,
Soon cold satiety succeeds in turn.
Cast o'er the Soul that dull benumbing chain,
How palls the joy! how grows the union pain!
To all her charms, and ev'n endearments, dead,
He soon neglects her stale familiar bed;
She (worse than death!) beholds a Rival rais'd,
And love-enthron'd, where late her glory blaz'd:
Her only portion to despair; or worse,
To retrospect her folly with remorse.
Perhaps the youthful She, as foul in mind
As fair in form, proves silly, grows unkind;
Is loud, is stubborn; neither knows nor cares
For nuptial duties; but by choice still errs:
Her coarse behaviour renders Both the tale,
The spiteful sport of neighboring Town and Vale.

How

How must the Husband, curst with such a mate!
 Drag life in bitterness, and mourn his fate!
 Ah, worse! if yet, more dear than self, his Race
 Involv'd are too in ruin and disgrace!
 Wretched indeed! The depth of his distress
 No heart can think, but his; no tongue express.

Besides, an endless changing madness rules
 The beauteous and the beauty-loving Fools:
 The vicious pleasure, soon as gain'd, expires:
 Their Life's a chace twixt shadows and desires.
 Virtue and Sense, which make Love's passion pure,
 Alone exalt the flame and feed it to endure.

Yet deem not Beauty, altho' frail, invain;
 Important blessings, many, fill her train.
 Lively delight springs at the charming view;
 And sweetly pleas'd is she in pleasing you.
 Nothing so charming in the world we find,
 Except the Goddess in her beams enshrin'd,
 The heav'nly Soul, endu'd with angel-grace,
 Divinely beaming thro' the curious case:
 And far indeed o'er Beauty we extol
 The fair, divinely-amiable Soul.

2. Should you in Opulence with *Craesus* vie;
 And each destroying angel still pass by;

Your

Your dwelling pompous as the costly dome,
 Where *Mary's* Idol bends the knees of Rome :
 Let views around excel Elysian scenes ;
 Hills sweetly smile with finest blooms and greens ;
 Vales shoot blest groves, with chrystal streams
 among ;
 Birds, richly plum'd, extol melodious song :
 Your sumptuous table load, each day you dine,
 With dainty viands and delicious wine :
 Let all your moments gently steal away
 In quaint amusement, company and play :
 And, when you chuse at intervals to ride
 For rural pastime, and to blaze your pride,
 Let stateliest steeds your gorgeous chariot pull ;
 And in retinue rival the *Mogul* :
 Alas, if Virtue does not gild thy horn,
 And manly Wisdom guide thee and adorn,
 In vain does Fortune lend her golden shield,
 Poor is the pleasure all these luxuries yield.

Yet what can Opulence, but pleasure give ;
 And ease distresses, partly, while we live ?
 Abstract these uses, millions, golden store,
 Are arrant trash, as pebbles on the shore.
 And, ah, if tempt they to relinquish God,
 Abuse his Creatures and deserve his rod,
 To scorn his gracious overtures, and then
 Incur his Vengeance—Horror ! stop my pen !

Not

Not only poor the pleasure, riches gain;
 The Owner's folly makes the blessing bane,
 When no fair child of wealth the Fool can bless,
 But the base-born inchantress, lewd Excess.
 Exotic-like the puny tendril grows;
 The chymic essence ill betrays the nose;
 At First, a fragrant redolence instils;
 But, long continu'd, pangs corrodes and kills.

Pleasure; indeed, I wou'd not discommend,
 Were she not often a perfidious friend:
 Nor spurn at riches, heap'd in due degree,
 Pernicious neither to the state nor me.
 I grant fair Pleasure's blandishments should draw;
 But ever modifi'd by wisdom's law.
 Propense to err, temerity is such,
 Some love the Dame too little, some to much.
 You need no instance: If you do, behold
 The Miser's tatters and the Fribble's gold.
 Or note a contrast more affecting yet,
 The frozen Nun, and all-inflam'd Coquette.
 Lo, Both, whate'er they speciously pretend,
 Are vain Contemners of great Nature's end:
 'Tis plain, that Nature meant the course between;
 To mind ends noble, nor forget the mean.
 All passions tend, if rightly understood,
 To Individual, universal Good.

Int'rest combines the universal Frame;
 For individuals mutual succor claim.
 The truly wise endeavor mutual ease;
 Are always pleas'd, and always aim to please:
 Their passions all, in Charity, obey
 The Holy Monarch's beatific sway.

Virtue, which under pain is least distress,
 Can also relish real pleasure best.
 Without it, pleasure is not only vain;
 But fatal too, more dangerous than pain:
 With it, does pleasure happily improve;
 And grow divine, and soar to holy Love,
 The perfect pleasure, *That*, where all shou'd aim,
 The heav'nly Happiness, the Bliss supreme.
 With Virtue, Riches purchase pure delight;
 Repel distress and insolence and spight;
 Extended piously to Mis'ry's aid,
 Purchase pure joy and glory, ne'er to fade.
 Such noble benefits by Virtue flow
 From things, which, Vice-abus'd, pour endless
 woe.

3. Suppose you Empire happiness complete?
 Your wish be crown'd: Go mount the regal seat!
 The proud Assyrian shall revive in Thee:
 Adoring Nations hail and bend the knee.

Remotest

Remotest shores and undiscover'd waves
 Shall usher myriads, falling prone thy slaves.
 Thy pompous palace ev'ry Clime shall fill
 With Nature's pride, with Art's sublimest skill:
 Fish yield their pearls, their spice the balmy Trees;
 Thy Spinners, Worms; thy Potters, the Chinese:
 Painting the magic of her hand display;
 And plastic Sculpture, all but life convey:
 The polish'd needle and the florid loom,
 Conspire to deck and glorify thy room:
 Not all the grandeurs of Imperial state
 Can charm a pain, or stay one stroke of fate:
 Immense dependencies and arduous care
 Permit not happiness to enter there:
 Firm Virtue hardly bears from sinking down
 Beneath the dizzy circle of a Crown.

Kings, who for Evil rule, contemning laws,
 Make war on subjects, direr than on foes:
 Not worse the crime of subjects, who rebel,
 When patriot Kings, revering laws, rule well.
 As Small for Great, so Great exist for Small:
 If must some perish, better one than all.
 Justice shou'd govern! Tyrants, past debate,
 Are the worst Rebels, Traitors to the State:
 A Right divine his pow'r to misapply
 The Greatest Cæsar had no more than I.

Jehovah

JEHOVAH reigns ! Inferior Lords shou'd know
 Him only absolute, Him Source of law.
 Forever just is all, that He ordains ;
 Good universal his design, He reigns.

If little Villains swing by one consent,
 While great ones glory in a monument ;
 'Tis Fortune's triumph. Peep behind the scene :
 Wou'd you be *Dives*, Sir, or *Lazarus* then ?
 Stripp'd off the armor, Goddess Fortune gave,
 Th' *Achilles* tosses on a fiery wave ;
 A blasted wreck on the infernal Sea,
 As furious and implacable as He.

The Villain, who dominion does attain,
 Is a destructive curs'd Leviathan ;
 Lewdly enjoying his enormous state,
 His mercy's cruel, and, his love like hate :
 Profuse beneficence and lofty praise
 From him are fatal, as a lure betrays.
 Against conviction, arm'd with pow'r and wealth,
 He madly riots, while indulg'd with health ;
 Derides the Ruler of the starry sphere,
 With all the righteous hope, the wicked fear ;
 'Till, seiz'd by death, his soul to hell is hurl'd,
 His memory cursed by an injur'd world.

Glorious

Glorious indeed is pow'r, employ'd to bless;
 To punish Vice and to relieve distress:
 Hence virtuous Rulers shall for ever shine
 Beatify'd in glory, crown'd divine.

4. How oft do they, whose souls to Fame aspire,
 Incur destruction in their fond desire?
 Few, while they live, obtain the boon, they crave;
 And blows Fame loud, who hears her in the grave?
 Oft, cou'd her trumpet shake the unbrac'd drum,
 Curses and scoffs wou'd dread as thunder come;
 Nor cou'd her sweetest harmony assuage
 One penal pang, or sooth a Dæmon's rage.

In common sense, what can the Hero claim?
 Fool, Madman, Murderer, killing, kill'd, for
 Fame!

Supremely mad! his soul, in ev'ry spring,
 Aspires to mischief, worthy of a King:
 The very scenes of his amusement shew
 His love of horror and delight in woe:
 Like English *Edward*, or olympian *Jove*,
 In flame and thunder he addresses love;
 Before God's altar, clad in armor, stands;
 To the Creator spreads destroying hands:
 His Person, palace and magnificent car
 Wear all alike the boisterous air of war.

Ah;

Ah, how his sentiments will change with place!
 What's glory now will then emerge disgrace.
 When He no more shall cruelly annoy,
 When the destroyer fiends and worms destroy,
 His glory shall be shame: He then shall find
 Each gall-fill'd measure meted back in kind.
 The sumptuous Castle, which his folly built
 To bear his name (grand monument of guilt!)
 Shall stand deserted, 'till the trophy'd wall,
 Besieg'd with Vengeance, into ruin fall;
 Grown o'er with ivy, roost obscenest fowls;
 A lodge of serpents, and a court of owls.
 One Clown amusing others, as from work
 He strides along and swings his shoulder'd fork,
 Cries—"Here liv'd *Bravo*; such his martial life;
 "Such his domain; and such a one his Wife,"
 As cordial joy the story now affords
 From lips of Clowns as from the lips of Lords.
 So Glory sets!—The Grave (by lawful claim)
 The Carcase swallows; and Oblivion, Fame.

But they, who, truly brave, War's front defy,
 Greatly resolv'd to conquer or to die,
 Who not for Fame alone, but in disdain
 Of haughty wrongs, tyrannic pride to rein,
 Obey the trump, when Justice bids obey;
 And but for mercy sternly draw and slay;

Divinely

Divinely rous'd in Virtue's cause to deal
The keen impressions of decisive steel:
Such may indulge their passion for Renown:
Their generous pride celestial wreaths shall crown,

All passions, which with God's imperial Will
Concur devoutly, must be laudable.
As all are impious, and to mis'ry tend,
Without design'd subservience to that end.

The tuneful Poet, who sublimely sings
Of Beauties, Heroes, Patriots, Nobles, Kings,
(If Adulation, with perswasive tongue,
Demurely servile, patronizes wrong;
Or Satire, fell, shall on the worthy pour
Opprobrious pasquils with demoniac roar)
May reap a harvest to his culture due:
Offence from Many, but applause from Few.
Nor must the Genius, like a comet-flame,
Eccentric soaring, adoration claim:
That, like the Sun, which from a constant sphere
Effulgent beams, enliv'ning all the year,
Deserves applause; and there will mortals vow
Their best devotion to the laurell'd brow.
Fame's gaudiest plumes perhaps too often wing
Those poison'd arrows on Jehovah's string,
Immoral Poets; while the crowd despise
His choicest blessings in the good and wise.

Vain

Vain senseless world ! how little dost thou know
 Thy real good ! O worthy of thy woe !
 But short's the date of that perverse applause,
 Which from a local, temporal, folly flows :
 Succeeding times, unprejudic'd, detest
 The poison strong, and scorn the feeble jest ;
 And blame their Fathers, tho' themselves pursue,
 With equal folly, bards as bad, but new.

Ye high-soul'd bards ! weigh vulgar praise and
 blame ;
 Weigh and condemn the stupid buzz of Fame ;
 Contemn her poor erroneous hate and love :
 Revere the righteous Arbiter above :
 Next him, the Few of sense and candor prize ;
 And only dread the censure of the wise :
 Hence shall ye win the noblest crown of Fame,
 A genuine glory, sanctify'd from shame ;
 Truly immortal ; which, when Earth decays,
 In Heav'n shall rise, and shine with ten-fold blaze.

5. Behold in Nature's present usual course,
 Vice leads to meaness, mis'ry and remorse.
 Those vicious passions, violent as blind,
 Which touch the rights and beings of mankind ;
 Which rove for pleasure, struggle to look down
 On bending mobs, or call more dirt their own ;
 Such

Such must the essence of true bliss destroy;
 Disquiet self, society annoy.
 Passions ridiculous also make unblest;
 Altho' their chief concernment is a jest:
 The vain Coquette, when beauty fades, could die;
 The Dotard trembles, if a Raven cry:
 The Courtier and the Lover dread a frown:
 The Poet dreads the Censure of the Town:
 A thronged *Smithfield* or unwelcome Air
 Afflicts the Farmer with profound despair;
 Not that he wants, but wishes—(no great harm)
 To be, at length, the Landlord of a Farm:
 Just as the Landlord, anxious to be great,
 With restless ardor meditates a Seat.

But comfort here! If such vain whimsies tease;
 New toy or ditty will the Baby please.
 Call *Pyrrha* charming: For *Canidia's* ail
 Apply some slander or prodigious tale:
 The careless smile, a Wanton flings away,
 Will serve to make her dying Lover gay:
 That pow'rful nod, which golden days portends,
 Inchants the Courtier to forget his friends:
 The Farmer bowzes, if the Market's dear;
 The chosen Patriot is, in hope, a Peer.

6. To view man's little, mean, preposterous
aims

And vain importance, modesty ashamed.

To view this grand, immense, stupendous Frame,
And muse the pow'r and goodness whence it came,
Sinks man to nothing!—When thy works I see,
O God! I wonder thou regardest me!

For men to boast of Wisdom and of Worth,
Yet not adore the Lord of Heav'n and Earth,
How mad! how vain!—Do not all blessings fall
From that right hand, which opening filleth all?
Who can be so ungenerous to offend
So good a Lord, so bountiful a Friend?

Who dares against that Majesty rebel,
Which frowning kills, which breathing kindles
Hell?

7. If vile illusions captivate the heart;
Alas! they well compensate the desert;
For baubles if we study, toil and bleed,
They all forsake us in our greatest need;
Leave us to learn too late, and long lament,
Folly is justly its own punishment.
Those gewgaw trifles, priz'd in health and ease,
In pain and sorrow lose the charm to please.
Earth's noblest Comforts, at the dying hour,
Seem names, not natures, Phantoms without pow'r.

And

And oft, what vainly we as Virtue boast,
Emerges then but venial sin at most.
The least good action, worthy of a Saint,
A cup of of water to relieve the faint,
Scoop'd from the Surface of a bubbling Spring,
Excels the glories of the *Prussian King*.

Say, what the meed, the deepest villain gains
By all his guiley artifice and pains?
In vain the wretch for happiness contends:
No happiness finds He, who God offends.
No!—When Illusion, vanishing, is fled,
Joy shuns his dwelling, and repose his bed:
He wishes oft, and seeks, thro' his own blood,
Annihilation, as the only good.

8. O what is Happiness? Thou Muse divine!
Declare; for Thou canst tell: The light is thine!

9. No Circumstances Happiness create,
Without a Temper suited to the state:
No Temper, without Circumstances fit,
And social Aid, finds happiness complete:
Heav'n wisely plac'd what *Happiness* we call,
In *Plenty*, *Health* and *Rectitude* in *All*.
Plenty and *Health* on *Rectitude* depend;
Because *Probation* is the sovereign *End*.

10. Ah, then! what hope in this depraved
 state,
 Where vicious Love engenders vicious Hate;
 And vicious Hate and Love break Nature's Law,
 Which justly dooms Depravity to woe?
 What can we hope?—Why, just the fate we find!
 Convinc'd of this, my Soul! be all resign'd!

11. *Virtue*, fair image of th' Almighty Sire,
 Consent divine of reason and desire,
Virtue refin'd, ev'n christian light and love,
 Sent with the Holy Spirit from above,
Virtue alone can happiness receive;
Virtue alone true happiness can give.
 No demonstration plainer! All *Delight*
 Consists in *Love*; And *Virtue*, loving Right,
 (Supremely God, then *All*, above, below,
 In due degree; due *Love* of *All* we know)
Virtue alone can with *delight* impel
 To follow *Duty*, and be pleased well:
Virtue alone, pursuing *Duty's* road,
 Can claim *benevolence* from Man or God:
Virtue alone can sweet *Communion* share
 With God and Saints; and perfect glory bear.
 This all is plain: And just is it as clear,
 That *Vice* admits no happiness sincere.

Vice

Vice must be wretched: for the least degree
Of mere *Reluctance* smacks of misery:
And bold *Rebellion*, seizing guilty joys,
The more it prospers, more itself destroys.
Admit it triumphs on this cursed ball,
Remuneration soon will settle all.
If *Virtue* groans; with pious patience wait
That grand decision of a *future state*:
God will in *that*, whate'er men do in *this*,
Doom *Vice* to *woe*, and *Virtue* crown with *bliss*:
In endless *woe* shall wicked Souls be bound;
All plagu'd, all plaguing, sunk in *Hell* profound:
Eternal *bliss* the Righteous shall enjoy,
Uprais'd to *Heav'n*, the new-born earth and sky:
All bless'd, all blessing, as God's laws ordain,
Bliss shall fill all, and God delighted reign.

12. O God! I ask not Pleasures, Honors,
Wealth!
Grant Competence, Tranquillity and Health!
But whether storm or sunshine intervene,
Almighty Father, Virtue grant within!
O grant me Virtue! my supreme request!
I know, that Virtue must at last be blest:
I know that Thou, most righteous Lord! at last,
Wilt fully recompense all trials past;

Wilt

Wilt love thy lovers, with indulgence own;
 With favor comfort, and with glory crown :
 O grant me Virtue to extent divine !
 Until my soul thy perfect Image shine !
 Then kindle, Vengeance ; and, from pole to pole,
 Devoted Worlds to second Chaos roll,
 I, fix'd on Thee, the everlasting Rock,
 Will stand, unmov'd, the universal shock !

A N O D E.

BE still, sporting flocks ; lowly silent obey !
 O listen, ye careless ! come home, ye that
 stray !

Your shepherd he calls, who your hunger sup-
 plies

By day and by night, ever watchful his eyes.

O'er the vales and the mountains he gently does
 lead

To pastures of health, where you joyfully feed :

There suffers his lambs unmolested to rove

By rivers of pleasure, and fountains of love.

The simple he warneth, when danger appears ;

The weak in his bosom he tenderly rears ;

And

And supports, as he slowly conducts her along,
 The heavy-pac'd female, that's laden with young:
 The blood-thirsty wolf is both cunning and bold;
 But his angry voice frights the wolf from the fold.
 The bear and the lion, he crushes their jaws,
 And rescues the prey from their merciless paws.
 Nor this for your welfare your shepherd disdains:
 Be grateful, ye flocks! and compensate his pains.
 From his fold or his pastures ne'er carelessly stray;
 But love your good shepherd, his calling obey.
 The wanton, the wand'ring, forgetful poor sheep,
 The wolf may destroy, or a fall from a steep.
 'Tis safest and happiest to feed and to lie
 Not far from his side, nor from under his eye.

A N O D E.

SEE! see! the lovely rosy Morn
 Diffuse prolific beams
 O'er flow'ry meadows, springing corn,
 And painted silver streams;
 While rove the flocks o'er hill and dale,
 With herb luxuriant spread;
 And blooming forests to the gale
 Delicious odors shed,

Methinks

Methinks again fair *Eden* grows,
 Her scenes and pleasures dawn,
 As at Creation's birth she rose,
 When first the day-spring shone.

See! Love and Pleasure now preside,
 Great Nature's chief delight!
 All seem to boast immortal pride,
 And hope eternal light.

O Pow'r immense! that still supplies,
 At wisdom's vast expence,
 Glories, exciting, grand surprize:
 But why recal them hence?

Has Innocence such charms with thee?
 For her is all this cost?
 When man profan'd thy sacred tree,
 She fled,—The world was lost.

Yes!—Innocence my God admires;
 Where'er she deigns to dwell,
 His presence happiness inspires;
 If absent she—'tis hell.

Ye lovely visions! (for no more
 Substantial good I call)

Sweet

Blest Innocence disdains our shore,
 Then perish must ye all,
 'Tis but a gleam of Grace bestows
 This bloom on life decay'd:
 All transient like the Summer rose,
 All flourish, and all fade.

Soon Death shall force the painful sigh,
 And load the mournful bier;
 To beauty shut the charmed eye,
 To melody the ear.

Low wrapt in hallow'd mould shall sleep
 The swain, forgot his lay.
 No bosom heave, no eye-lid weep!
 Prepare and come away!

O D E. *To Music.*

MUSIC, tune thy silver strings!
 Notes melodious, gently roll!
 Softly, softly, wake the Soul,
 Awake her sympathetic springs!

Slow

Slow and tender, sweet and shrill,
With pleas'd and mild attention fill:
Strong and bolder when they grow,
We feel the bosom beat and glow;
Joy, joy through all the nerves rebounds,
Which dance and thrill to charming sounds.

Pleasure like the virgin's breast,
Fond and chaste, and soft and gay,
Inspires the passions of the blest,
And chafes ruder thoughts away.
Virtue lifts her brow serene:
Chearful Peace and raptur'd Love
Adorn the bright enchanting scene,
As on a festive day above.

Away! far hence away! Prophane!
Defile not Music's purer breath:
Your skill may gratify the vain,
And chear the odious ways of death,
Think not joy to you confin'd;
Brutes possess a brutal mind;
To sordid natures filth is sweet;
So folly goes with fools for wit:
Ravens admire the croaking voice;
The meaner taste, the meaner choice.

But

But happier natures, mov'd by finer springs,

(Like weaned lambs, that nicely feed

On choicest herbs, in freshest mead;

Or bees, that sip the blooming thyme)

Enjoy a relish more sublime,

Which purest pleasure brings,

Away, Austere! whose peevish pride,

Another's pleasure can't abide;

With spite and censure like to burst,

With base ill-nature greatly curst;

Least virtuous, when ye most pretend

To act and speak as Virtue's friend.

Be mine the pleasing social road

Thro' nature's flowriest paths to God.

With modest awe I'll cull each sweet,

And spread my thanks before his feet.

O D E. *To Music.*

WHEN first the mild Orient, from mountain
top seen,

Strews heaven with roses, bespangles the green,

The

The Shepherd his rural employment renews;
 From his cott, see! his footsteps have brush'd off
 the dews.

His call wakes the village, his fold open stands;
 His snowy-fleec'd innocents whiten the lands.
 In air, the wing'd songsters mix'd voices employ;
 The groves how melodious! the fields laugh with
 joy!

The glossy-bloom'd flow'rets depastur'd with bees,
 All hums around Carmel, and trills the soft
 breeze.

His mellow pipe tunes, and the hollow vale fills
 With music, which echo prolongs in the hills.
 He sooths his own bosom, and vents to the air
 The passion he shames to reveal to the Fair:
 And thus, if his Shepherdess scornful appears,
 He steals to her heart, while he pleases her ears:
 The maids of the village attentive stand still,
 Forgotten the milk-pail, the distaff, and wheel;
 All panting and sighing, the Shepherd's notes roll
 So tunefully tenderly strong on the soul.

In Pleasure's pomps, and gay resorts,
 'Tis Music's pow'rful song
 Dispels the artificial cares of Courts,
 And all the pale-ey'd throng.

Joy,

Joy, enraptur'd joy she brings,
 And blameless joy inspires;
 Love quivers round on purple wings,
 And all the social grand Desires.
 Without her brisk inspiring airs,
 The splendid scenes would fade;
 Ev'n Pleasure languish with fantastic cares,
 And sighing droop her ornamented head.

When to the sacred Dome we go,
 And tread with decent rev'rence hallow'd ground,
 Like some good angel's voice the solemn organs
 blow,

And waft our souls to heav'n amid the sound.

Holy gratitude and love

Holy as the flames above,

From pure seraphic fires,

Rise, from ev'ry bosom rise,

A grateful incense to the skies,

While Music's breath inspires.

Mysterious pow'r of tuneful sound!

Thyself a proof of what thou tell'st abroad!

What ear so dull hath heard thee, and not found

In thee the good, the wise, the pow'rful God?

A N

AN HYMN.

NEVER-failing, overflowing,
 Fountain of celestial joy!
 Numberless thy gifts bestowing,
 Ev'ry moment we enjoy.

How forgetful, how ungrateful,
 Vain and scornful are we?
 How provoking, and how hateful,
 Are the thoughts of man to thee!

Wrapt in business, or in pleasure,
 For this world, this age, we live:
 Better thoughts require more leisure
 Than our appetites will give.

Whence, ah whence! this inconsistency?
 Man's first wish is to obtain
 Endless, happy, bright existence:
 Why neglect the means to gain?

Proves not this an erring creature?
 Reason, call th' eternal pow'r
 To enlighten, strengthen nature,
 And thy proper end secure.

Childish

Childish ever thou, unaided;
Ever confident, yet wrong;
Humoursome, and scarce persuaded
By thy Maker's warning tongue.

Holy Spirit! be thy dwelling,
In my bosom's humble shrine!
Luminary, far excelling
All the orbs that brightly shine!

Tho' with curious inclination,
Human science I explore;
Shew me, chief, thy great salvation,
Teach me purely to adore.

Other knowledge all must vanish;
All its uses center here:
Pious knowledge will replenish,
And adorn our heav'nly sphere.

Blind, how blind with all our science!
Profit pays not half the toil:
Nature yields no brib'd compliance;
Deep she hides the precious spoil.

Truths unuseful or undoing,
Sacred Providence does hide;

Kindly,

Kindly stays us from our ruin,
 Mortifies our foolish pride.
 Tho' with curious inclination,
 Human science I explore;
 Shew me, shew me, thy salvation!
 Teach me purely to adore.

DAVID'S *Song of TRIUMPH.*

ARISE!

Arise, JEHOVAH! with thy awful nod
 Scatter thy trembling enemies abroad!
 Like chaff in whirlwinds borne away,
 The Wicked in thy wrath decay.

Him, lo! the glorious Cherubs bore:
 On wings of rapid winds He came:
 Fury and Terror flew before;
 Earth shook, and Heav'n's eternal frame!
 Horrid darkness roll'd around;
 Tumultuous back the roaring Ocean fled,
 And naked left his oozy bed;
 Blue lightnings flam'd along the ground.

Our

P O E M S.

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Our enemies in difarray,
Pale and crying, fled away.

JEHOVAH is my strength and pow'r,
My lamp of unextinguishable light,
My shield, my rock, my lofty tow'r;
He guards my life, and guides my ways aright:

Train'd by his almighty care,
Invincible I rush to war;
Swifter than the mountain roe,
Stronger than the strongest bow.

I have pursu'd—I have destroy'd—
I turned not again,
Until my slaughter'd enemies lay void
Of genial life, in heaps upon the plain.

My vanquish'd foes no more shall rise:
Their necks beneath my foot-steps lie.
Omnipotence, which rules the skies,
Shall set his servant's glory high.

Then thanks, JEHOVAH! thanks to Thee
Whose tender mercy sets me free!
To Earth's remotest ends I'll sing
Thy praises, great eternal King!

AN

AN HYMN,

O Rise, my soul ! and rise, my song !
Inspiring rapture bear along !
On wings of heav'nly joy I soar,
The Throne Almighty to adore !

O place me far above the wrongs
Of cruel hearts, and busy tongues ;
Above the reach of hate and guile,
The tyrant's frown, the traitor's smile !

Then will thy servant, Lord, proclaim
Thy awful laws to the remotest shore ;
And people, strangers to thy holy name,
Thee, Thee, O God eternal, shall adore !

Praise, O my soul ! extol his praise !
His faithful promise cannot fail.
Illumin'd with his glorious rays,
And strengthen'd, I shall still prevail.

O ! for his honor zealous be ;
He never can be false to thee.
So when these ruins of this world
Shall be again to Chaos hurl'd,
And vengeance flame with wrath divine,
Peace, joy, and glory, shall be thine.

On the *Divine Wisdom* in distributing *Pleasure*
and *Pain*.

A F R A G M E N T.

BEhold how wisely *pains* and *pleasures* blend
To keep us steady to the sovereign End!

See fools of rapture, flaming to pursue
Joys, fancy paints in fascinating view,
Scarce sooner siezing the delusive charm,
Than all their ardor latent banes disarm.

Nay, ev'n the wise, who but indulge as fit
In sober joys, which are most exquisite,
At frequent intervals find some allay
Suggest, they are but Beings of a day.

As in that season, when the greens and blooms
Clothe Nature gay, and freshly breathe perfumes,
Each bird of music amorous carol sings;
And Insect-lovers frisk on filmy wings;
So gentle youth as carelessly employ
Unnumber'd days in sprightly acts of joy:
Yet oft the floating cloud and chilling blast
Foretel th' arrival of old age at last.

On that delight, which finer spirits know
In social union, friendship's tender glow,

(That dear delight, if ought on earth be dear,
 To make a parting worthy of a tear,
 To heave the bosom with a longing sigh,
 Or cause one wish to linger when we die)
 On that delight, alas, what ills attend!
 Those sharpest ills, derived from a friend!
 At best the blessing hangs on chance and breath;
 While oft th' attending woes are worse than death.

Perhaps too few have any soul at all
 For what, with emphasis, we *friendship* call:
 Dull, or diverted by some vulgar flame,
 Few rise to friendship's elevated aim.
 Interest's caresses, Vanity's pretence
 And Envy's wiles admit no friendly sense.
 Ev'n ardent souls, which friendly seem to burn,
 Oft waste, and grow more ashes in the urn;
 Or, like a wandering meteorous fire,
 By sudden glances kindle and expire.

Great *Alexander*, greatly mad and vain,
 Stab'd his dear friend, then wept his *Clytus* slain;
 So numbers do!—Alas, it boots to know
 How more a friend is cruel than a Foe.
 Beware of friendships!—the capricious shun!
 What ends in pain were better ne'er begun.

Friendship's

Friendship's the most sublime of blessings given
To man, the nearest in approach to Heaven;
But noblest things, perverted, grow the worst.
To find our Heav'n a Hell is most accurst;

O happy they, who, worthy friendship's name;
United long, are constantly the same!
Like rows of columns, some fair structure's base,
Each lends to each at once support and grace:
Or liker stars, whose mutual pulses keep
Their gyres undevious thro' th' ethereal deep,
They move harmonious shedding genial fire,
'Till, as shall stars, they gloriously expire.
Such happy souls, ev'n when their joys are spent,
Repose in union, full of sweet content:
Their tranquil tempers feel no ruder woe,
Than those, which age and frailty must bestow;
And pure contentment oft prolongs their stay
In life, 'till late, when calm they glide away.
Happy are they, if Happiness e'er deigns
To cast one beam on earth's devoted plains.

But ah, these highest joys can only move
To wish for joys eternal, far above!
They soon pass by; they just salute the heart,
Awake the warm desire, and then depart.

No

No skill no might exempts the wise and brave
 From frailty's law, from mis'ry and the grave.
 Great *Mitbridates*, wise as well as great,
 And brave as wife, experienc'd dire defeat:
 Ev'n poison's pow'r his science cou'd repel;
 But by an executioner he fell.
 Whilst rude *Goliath* boasts gigantic strength,
 A pebble lays him shivering at his length.

Such are the frailties, rose in evil hour,
 To shew Sin's nature, God's avenging pow'r:
 Severe but kind monitions, vice to quell;
 And virtue try and strengthen, to excel;
 In due subservience to the glorious plan
 Of trying, and at last redeeming man.

F I N I S.

